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HANNIBAL.

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HANNIBAL

A HISTORICAL DRAMA

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“Εἰς ἣν ἀνὴρ αἷτιος καὶ μιά ψυχή”

Polybius

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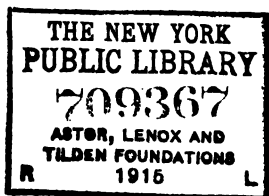
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1873

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" ARDUUM RES GESTAS SCRIBERE "

Sallust

" BUT PARDON, GENTLES ALL,
THE FLAT UNRAISED SPIRITS THAT HAVE DARED
ON THIS UNWORTHY SCAFFOLD TO BRING FORTH
SO GREAT AN OBJECT "

Shakespeare. Henry V.

ROY VAN
CLAREN
BACH

TO

The Memory of

MY FATHER.

NEW YORK
PUBLISHED BY
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.
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WYOM WYOM

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

I. IN THE PROLOGUE.—SCENE CARTHAGE. B.C. 239.

<i>Hamilcar Barca</i>	-	A Carthaginian general; leader of the popular party.
<i>Hannibal Barca</i>	-	His son, a boy of nine years.
<i>Hasdrubal</i>	-	A general; son-in-law of Hamilcar.
<i>Hanno</i>	-	A general; leader of the oligarchic party in the Senate.
<i>Bomilcar</i>	-	} Carthaginian Senators attached to the party of Hanno.
<i>Gisco</i>	-	
<i>Himilco</i>	-	
<i>Ithurbal</i>	-	Priest of Baal.
<i>Elissa</i>	-	Wife of Hamilcar.
<i>Myra</i>	-	Daughter of Hamilcar and wife of Hasdrubal.

II. IN ACT I.—SCENE SPAIN. B.C. 221-218.

<i>Hasdrubal</i>	-	Son-in-law of Hamilcar and Governor of Punic Spain.
<i>Hannibal Barca</i>	}	Sons of Hamilcar.
<i>Hasdrubal Barca</i>		
<i>Mago</i>	-	A Carthaginian general, belonging to the party of Hanno.
<i>Gisco</i>	-	A Carthaginian envoy, belonging to the party of Hanno.
<i>Malcus</i>	-	A Roman spy.
<i>Staius</i>	-	A Gaulish slave.
<i>Vallus</i>	-	A Sicilian.
<i>Silanus</i>	-	A Spartan.
<i>Sosilus</i>	-	Wife of Hasdrubal and sister of Hannibal.
<i>Myra</i>	-	Wife of Hannibal.
<i>Imilce</i>	-	

Carthalo, Alorcus, Bostar, Abelox, Carthaginian and Spanish Generals,
Roman Ambassadors, Soldiers, &c.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

III. IN ACTS II., III., IV., V.—SCENE MAINLY ITALY. B.C. 218-207. *Carthaginians and their Allies.*

<i>Hannibal</i>	-	} Sons of Hamilcar.
<i>Hasdrubal</i>	-	
<i>Mago</i>	-	
<i>Maharbal</i>	-	- Commander of the Carthaginian cavalry.
<i>Mutines</i>	-	- A Libyan.
<i>Carthalo</i>	-	} Other generals in Hannibal's army.
<i>Alorcus</i>	-	
<i>Gisco</i>	-	
<i>Magilus</i>	-	- A Gaulish chief and guide.
<i>Hippocrates</i>	-	} Carthaginian Syracusans.
<i>Epicyles</i>	-	
<i>Silanus</i>	-	} Greeks. Historians of Hannibal's army.
<i>Sosilus</i>	-	
<i>Archimedes</i>	-	- A Philosopher.
<i>Malcus</i>	-	- Envoy of the Senate with the army; afterwards a traitor.
<i>Calavius</i>	-	} Capuan noblemen, friends of Hannibal.
<i>Vibius Virrius</i>	-	
<i>Jubellius Taurea</i>	-	
<i>Perolla</i>	-	- Son of Calavius.

Romans.

<i>T. Manlius Torquatus</i>	-	} Roman Generals and Consuls. Leaders of the Aristocratic party in the Senate.
<i>Q. Fabius Maximus</i>	-	
<i>L. Æmilius Paullus</i>	-	
<i>M. Claudius Marcellus</i>	-	
<i>C. Flaminius Nepos</i>	-	} Generals. Leaders of the Popular party.
<i>C. Terentius Varro</i>	-	
<i>T. Sempronius Gracchus</i>	-	
<i>M. Minucius Rufus</i>	-	
<i>Ap. Claudius Pulcher</i>	-	} Roman Consuls in command of the armies besieging Capua.
<i>Q. Fulvius Flaccus</i>	-	
<i>C. Claudius Nero</i>	-	} Consuls opposed to Hannibal and Hasdrubal (B.C. 207).
<i>M. Livius Salinator</i>	-	
<i>T. Sempronius Longus</i>	-	- A Roman Consul defeated at the Trebia (B.C. 218).
<i>Ennius</i>	-	- A Roman Poet.

Prætors, Tribunes, Soldiers, Ambassadors, &c.

Women.

<i>Fulvia</i>	-	- A Roman Lady, daughter of Q. Fulvius.
<i>Marcia</i>	-	- Her Sister.
<i>Calavia</i>	-	- A Capuan Lady, daughter of Calavius.

PROLOGUE.

Argument.

The scene of the Prologue is laid in Carthage, after the close of the first Punic war, B.C. 240, decided, by the naval victory of Caius Catulus at Ægusa, in favour of the Romans. The Carthaginians, harassed by the revolt of the mercenaries, have sued for and obtained a peace. Hamilcar Barca, their unconquered general, has been constrained to accede to the surrender of Sicily. The merchants of the great commercial city of the ancient world are rejoicing. Hamilcar is planning a renewed attack on Italy through Spain. Having obtained an ascendancy over the people, he frustrates the non-resistance policy of Hanno, the leader of the oligarchic party and advocate of friendly relations with Rome. He leads Hannibal, his son, a boy of nine years, to the altar of Baal Ammon, and makes him swear to devote his life to war with Rome.

Rides in safe anchorage : There is a time
For hardihood ; but no wise mariner
Steers with rent sails o'er Syrtes, or sets west
T' affront the blasts of Boreas : We must stoop—
'Tis present policy—to humour Rome.
When some ill wind from Gaul distracts her force
We may restretch our canvass, undistressed
By strifes that dwarf our commerce, tax our powers,
And leave us poorer for our victories.

Enter Merchant. Are these true tidings ? Is the
treaty sealed ?

Himilco. By kings and consuls, senators and tribes.
The Romans are our friends ; in pledge whereof,
The iron gates, through which, since Numa's reign,
They've blown a blast of challenge to the world,
Are closed and barred ; while Janus, olive-crowned,
Bids North and South shake hands across the sea.

Merchant. Praise be to Baal, the hazard's o'er ; at
ebb

Of all my fortunes, this retrieves the loss.

Bomilcar. Most for the city's fortune, we are glad ;
To which this calm brings summer's fostering heat.
Our sinews are re-knit : the subject towns

And wandering hordes, by late reverses tamed,
Finding their safety ours, will keep their faith.

Merchant. Now let their tributes fill our treasury ;
While Mauretanian caravans will change
Their dates and figs for corn at Tripolis ;
Flock-feeding Triton may repair the waste
Of those sad seasons, and our vessels ride
With Libyan ore, through the unchallenged straits.
I'll send five hundred slaves to Ebusus,²
And vow a pilgrimage to Ammon's shrine.

Hasdrubal [*entering*]. No need of pilgrimage to
Mammon's³ shrine ;
For in your hearts, if ye have hearts, he dwells.
You're ill with the gold-fever ; rather vow
A hecatomb to Ashmon, for your cure.

Merchant. Mock not the gods, howe'er you mock
at me.

Hasdrubal. I mock not, but I marvel. You are
blind,
Not seeing that you pluck the unripe grapes,
And spoil the harvest.

Merchant. It is now we reap
The plenty of our fields, and send our fleet

To gather half the fruitage of the world
Into our thronging marts ; so swell our stores :
While from wise caution grows secure content ;
Let others waste their riches on mad war.

Hasdrubal. A sluggish morning is a starving night.

Himilco. Does Hasdrubal not share the general joy ?

Hasdrubal. At this tame cession of our ancient lands
Won from the Tuscan pirates, rendered up
To these new-fledged Olympians ! Of our power
We owe to valiant ventures half the sum.
Caution's a virtue that o'ercharged is vice,
And dull content is poverty of soul.
Who shuns offence and holds with neither side,
Who dreads the deep and never dares to swim,
Who fears to trip and never tries to run,
May yet in walking stumble. By this peace
We are allowed to live, to crouch at home
To render thanks to Rome for Africa.
Go, plume you on your policy which pays
Best service by worse faith, until we stand
On the sheer verge of ruin. Rests on you
The burden of this wrong, the wasted war ;
Who, lest the navy tax should run too high,

Let our ships rot, that Caius Catulus
Should sink your silly transports, and discrown
The rock of Eryx, where our hero sat,
A god in arms : who slew our admiral⁴
For your own sins and, stinting our allies,
Put spurs to treason, till the startled realm
Sought for a man 'mong shadows.⁵

Bomilcar.

Malcus once

And the elder Hanno were good generals
While yet they both conspired to throw the State.

Hasdrubal. You broach their names in vain to
countenance

The miserable envies of mean men.
This treaty is the last patch of your work ;
Needful it may be, but to hide a sore,
For which 'twere impious to blame the Gods—
Hamilcar asks their favour, ere the morn,
For ventures wherein all our future lies.

Himilco.

By whose authority ?

Hasdrubal.

By that he holds

From his firm purpose and the people's choice,
He and his lion race shall plant a tree,
To shelter Carthage and o'ershadow Rome. [Exit.

Bomilcar. These Barcidæ are dangerous, puffed
with pride,
And grown too tall for common citizens.

SCENE II.—THE COUNCIL CHAMBER AT CARTHAGE.

Hanno, Gisco, Himilco, Bomilcar, Hamilcar, Hasdrubal and other Senators.

Gisco. Hamilcar, no! though you are half the
State,
With your new faction, yet the Senate keeps
Its delegated powers to guard the whole.

Hasdrubal. Which, save the malcontent, elects
to go
Where'er Hamilcar leads.

Gisco. The Malcontent!
Press not too far upon your late escape,
For we have laws even for the Barcidæ.

Hasdrubal. Whose swords, of late proved sharp,
love not to rest,
Like yours, in tawdry scabbards.

Hamilcar. Hasdrubal!
Our swords are ours to right our country's wrongs,

Not to chastise our fellows. Headlong zeal
Confounds itself, and gives to calumny
Fair countenance ; this is no time to enlarge
On slights and services ; who works for dues
Of honour, and a following of friends,
Is but a prouder kind of mercenary,
Drawing upon a bank that often breaks.
If we have done ought well, let our reward
Be in occasion granted to advance
On these beginnings. This denied, what then ?
Sardinia's, Sicily's hundred harbours closed,—
Gades abandoned,—whither will ye go
With all those masts that stand against the sun,
As hearkening for the term of our debate ?

Hanno. I bear a name, Hamilcar, like your own,
Not strange to Carthage, or her enemies :
And with just deference to your services,
And power, in part conferred in part acquired,—
Won by persuasion various,—I would speak.
Your colony means conquest, conquest wars
Of unknown term and progress. Can you sum
The tax to guard the mines of Boetica ?
Or weigh the blood and treasure spent in vain

Warring three hundred years for Sicily?
And, failing thus in plenitude of power,
Now, when the State is staggering from her wounds,
Reft of her lands, her shores strewn round with
wrecks,

You bid us battle for a tenfold bulk.
We pant for rest, nor shall, like Athens once
Stretching her arms too far for Syracuse,
Risk loss of all we have by seeking more.

Hasdrubal. When Sparta dwindled, Athens rose
again,
And shall we sink before a single blow?
Who laughed seven years from Ercte while the
wolves

Howled round Panormus.⁴ Think you Spain has
caught

The Italian lure; or doubt the Grecian towns
Are our allies against the chains of Rome?

Hanno. Did Pyrrhus or did Hiero⁶ help our cause?
Bitter experience proves humility
And tempered patience wise. Must we be taught
That wrestling wildly tempts a second fall?
Stars fight against us when we cross the sea.

On our own soil we broke Agathocles,
And caught the fiery Regulus in the toils.
In Africa we may renew our strength
To meet aggressions, we must neither fear
Nor study to provoke.

Himilco.

Hanno speaks well

With his my vote, while prudence is a gain.

Bomilcar. Your vote and ours, for who, on racking
strife

Brings healing rest, prevails o'er him, whose will,
Being too impatient to endure a pause,
Fights against Fate and plays a losing game.

Gisco. Tried all the shifts of policy, the best
Is proven Hanno's :—that we shun far risks
In storms of warfare ; but in prosperous calms
Grow the rich grain and comb the golden fleece.
Till ours shall be the corner of the earth,
Where most the people bless their heritage.

Hamilcar. So low has fallen our city, once the
Queen

Of all the islands of the western sea !—
Phoenicia's glory, with a fairer morn
Than any state of Hellas, or the shores,

From hundred-gated Thebes to seven-hilled Rome.
By this "best policy," it is our doom
To beg existence, and to make it smooth ;
To fold our hands, and send our harmless hulls
On coasting voyages with light merchandise,
Lest weight of wealth should tempt the conqueror.
Our frowning temples bid you rather choose
To hide your shame in an Atlantic bay,
Grazed by the keels of men who made us great.
Hanno, what think you of your ancestor
Who, following in the track of Tyrian kings,
Beyond the pillars and the happy isles,
Passed Thymaterium, and Arambe's cape,
And, bending southward round the western Horn,⁷
Beheld the flaming chariot on the hills,
Then, high on Saturn's columns, fixed the tale
Of hero hearts? Himilco was the name
Of the twin-captain, whose unyielding prows
Ploughed the far surges of the northern sea,
Eight months, through weeds and monsters, daring
on
To Thule and the Cassiterides,⁸
E'er Rome had sent a bark to Ostia ;—

Rome which now lets us live, until the day
She please to fire our citadels and make
Merciful end of our decrepitude.
Sooner than wait in patience for that day,
Be mine the fate of Mago's son who burnt
On the despairing pyre of Himera ! ⁹

Himilco. These are the trophies of a sterner age,
But we, in milder seasons, learn to bend
More deftly to the shifts of subtler years.

Bomilcar. It is your pleasure still to rail at Rome ;
Yourself have sealed the treaty, why revile
The work you wrought at ?

Hamilcar. I, too, signed the truce,
Moved by that prudence, which so recommends
Your foresight : but 'twas not to let our ships
Rust in their docks. A truce is but a breath
To gird our force anew. Mark you this peace
Is twice already broken, twice re-made.
Between us peace is but a puppet-show,
A varnished treachery, hollow compromise.
We stand, like wrestlers, eager for a catch
To close again. Etruria, Samnium know
The worth of Latin oaths : Shall Carthage, mocked

By more derisive tricks, be fooled as they ?
Since, while you slumbered, Rome stole Sicily,
We must find other exit ; else our powers
Decline more swiftly, as the stronger heart
The sooner breaks when pent in prison walls.
Spain is our greater gate. Exalting there
The Punic standard countervails our loss.
Yet, as you deem me hasty, meanwhile grant
Ten thousand horse and foot to chase the sun,
And make our Mauretanian limits sure.

Hanno. Agreed, Hamilcar ; this the Senate grants,
And speeds you with good wishes on your way.

Hamilcar [*to Hasdrubal*]. Or soon or late it is the
way to Rome.

SCENE III.—A ROOM IN HAMILCAR'S HOUSE.

Elissa, Myra. Afterwards *Hamilcar, Hasdrubal and
Hannibal.*

Myra. Some music steals, like magic, o'er the sea ;
'Tis from Astarte's temple that o'erhangs
The silence of the bay, beneath the stars.

Imperial Carthage ! making rich the land
With trophies of thy splendour and thy pride ;
The Tyrian Dido's refuge and our joy,
Leaning with white embraces on the main
That sings thee songs of triumph and of rest ;
Wooing the islands, with the majesty
Of all thy naked loveliness, that sprang
Like Grecian Aphrodite from the waves :—
Beautiful city ! whether when thy fanes
Are gleaming to the arrows of the dawn,
Or the day melts around thy palaces,
In glory after glory to the night,
Or bathed in mellow moonlight sleep and dreams,
Darling of Earth, and mistress of the world !

Elissa. It is a peerless eve ; the harbinger
Of cloudy morrows, as our perfect loves
Have quickest severings.

Myra. The long surf rolls,
And breaks in spangles round the shadowy shore !
The wild storm gulls, carousing with the foam,
Dance on the distant spray : but nearer looms
A veil that dulls the headland ; while, along
The surface of the wrinkled waters wan,

Calm creeps, and broods about the battlements.

Elissa. What passed in the Senate? Did Hamilcar
say?

Myra. I dared not question his impatient mood,
As, hurrying to the ships with Hasdrubal,
He cried, "We make at morn an early start
On a long voyage."

Elissa. We are warriors' wives,
And should wish all things like to bring renown
To Carthage. Yet it seems as if, to-night,
All the serener moments of my life
Came back and said "Farewell."

Myra. Forebode not so,
And damp the colour of their enterprise;
Smile on their going, and so speed the day
To welcome home their triumphs.

Elissa. If we could
But share their hazards!

Myra. Let it be for us
To crown them with our kisses. We have left
Hamilcar's boys to feed upon his fame;
For they are never weary when I tell
Of sieges, fleets, and marches, such as make

Sport to young Hannibal upon the sands,
Forever building up and levelling Rome
In mimic exultation. It is strange
How the cub's fancy runs on battlefields.
The forward imp ! he said, the other day,
" The wicked waves have washed away my walls,
As that bad Senate gave away the spoil
My father brought us ; but, when I grow old,
I'll punish waves and Senate." It may be
His games are prophecies.

Elissa.

He offers well ;

But yet we often hear of blustering boys
Grown cautious merchants, wary councillors ;
Whose fires, worn out in visions, leave them dull
And inoffensive ordinary men.
Sometimes, in listening to his curious talk,
I think my son is born to be the poet
To celebrate the deeds his sires have done.

Myra. You wrong him there, unlike what mothers
use.

Trust me, Elissa, in the years to come,
Carthage will have no ear for melodies.
Our Hannibal is cast in sterner mould

Than poets are, for he is born to make
Matter for song.

Elissa. Perchance ; but here he comes
Has made such matter.

Enter Hamilcar, Hannibal, and Hasdrubal.

Husband, let us know
The purport of your grievous long debate.

Hamilcar. To-morrow for the West, and, if the Gods
Grant us a start with smiling auguries,
The sooner entered on the sooner o'er.

Hannibal. And, father, shall I go with you to Spain ?

Elissa. You will not tear the branches off the tree
You leave untended ?

Hamilcar. I am not resolved :
But we are trees, whose branches soon or late
Must drop and take a root in their own soil.
I had but twice his years when first I held
Command in Sicily, and war's a school
To enter early. Hasdrubal and I
Would speak of State affairs.

Myra. So we must go
Although it was a woman built the town. [*Exeunt.*

Hamilcar. How is it ordered ?

Hasdrubal. Well. The captains yield
To "various persuasion." Hanno's phrase
In that fine speech.

Hamilcar. A creditable hit ;
But with no smart in't. Statecraft is a game
Played with mixed pieces, some of sterling gold
And many counterfeits, where he who wins
Is justified in setting little store
By prudes and sticklers. When my work is done,
I never envy Aristides' fame
For purity. 'Tis a poor virtue rests
Upon clean fingers. If my life is given
Freely to Carthage it concerns not me
That these want washing. We must dupe our
fools,
Purchase our knaves, and master guile with guile,
Or seek the desert and there run to waste.
But to the matter,—are the fighting men
Ready to take long leave with willing hearts ?
Hasdrubal. They've ta'en their earnest, but they
ask a sign
To countenance their going.

Hamilcar.

'Tis secured :

I have Ithurbal's pledge.

Hasdrubal.

In plainer words,

You've paid the priest to make the omens good.

Hamilcar. You put it roughly : rather say, we trust
The Gods of Tyre.

Hasdrubal.

So our road lies for Spain.

Hamilcar. 'Twas vain to wrangle over starting
forms ;

But set me once in Mauretania,
And, with my army growing on the march,
Your fleet attendant, I shall leap the straits
As soon as cross the Cothon,¹⁰ ne'er a check
Shall dare to affront us.

Hasdrubal.

Hanno's tutor Rome,

That makes alliance with the Greekling towns,
As wolves with sheep—

Hamilcar.

Shall find their fleece in charge,
And duly cared for. Hanno is a man
Who does much mischief, meaning honestly ;
I would that he were better or were worse ;
But, leaning both ways, ever on the watch
Against extremes, his halting measures mar

The plans of men more suited to our time.
He shall mar mine no more ; for, ere the sky
Clears of Ligurian tempests, Rome shall find
A stronger Eryx in a Punic Spain.

Hasdrubal. Shall we await her?

Hamilcar. We're not far enough
To cast the end which I may never see,
Who throw the gauntlet of a mortal strife,
And leave to you, and those who bear my name
A perilous heritage.

Ithurbal [*entering*]. It is the hour ;
The sacrifice is ready, and the shrine.

SCENE IV.—THE TEMPLE OF BAAL.

*Soldiers and priests leading up to the altar, by which
stands Ithurbal in his robes. In the foreground,
Hamilcar, Hasdrubal, and Hannibal.*

Hamilcar kneels before the steps of the altar and speaks.

Ye sovereign Gods, that guide and guard the State ;
Ye Deities¹¹ of Carthage, hear our prayer !
Dread Dagon's son, to whom my ancestor
Rose, in a flame, from the Sicilian fields,

Grant us thy might, shine on us from the stars ;
And let Phoenicia's latest warriors rear
Thy temples in strange lands. Accord them arms,
Chrysaor, forged in thy eternal fires.
Keep them whole, Ashmon. Tanais, bend thy bow ;
Rain death and darkness on our enemies.
Queen of the night, Astarte, by whose beams
Sidonian Dido crossed the ancient sea,
Smile on our way, and cheer thy mariners.
And thou, Baal Ammon, Lord of life and light,
Before whose altars have our children bled,
Lead us to battle and to victory.

*[Ithurbal receiving the offerings, and laying them on
the altar.]*

Accept these gifts, and grace thy suppliants.

*[The pyre is kindled. A clear flame ascends, and
through the circular aperture in the roof, the
moon shines out from a cloud, throwing its rays
on the image of Dido, which stands within the
temple.]*

Ithurbal. Astarte gleams and makes her warriors
glad !

[*Acclamation from the multitude, which, after music and a chaunt, begins to disperse, having received the blessing of the priest.*

Hasdrubal. I am half won to think the omens
true,

Nor figments of a craft, devised to sway
The fickle fancies of unreasoning men ;
So seasonably shone the light, unbidden
By priest or king.

Hamilcar. Why doubt the Gods are ours ?

Hasdrubal. For every generation claims its own,
Named by so many names, and with such tales
Incredible associate, with such rites
Inhuman celebrate : as when the Greeks
Fable their Saturn slew his sire ; or we,
Chronos the sire gave up his son to death,¹²
And so repeat the ruthless sacrifice.

Hamilcar. Like legends have been scattered
through the world,
And will prevail till to their elements
The shining lands return ; they shape the moods
Of children, in whose age the bulk remain
Of all our race ; tales they who see beyond

Nor hold, nor deem it useful to deny :
For 'tis the thirst for worship, stammering thus,
Informs their images, inspires their deeds.
Name by what name you will, there is a Power,
Ammon, Jehovah,³ Zeus, or Jupiter,
That searches nations, and, in kindred hearts
Finding a mirror, fills them with Himself.

Hasdrubal. And so the heroes live as Gods, while
earth

Assumes their ashes. Do they feel the change ?

Hamilcar. We know not, none shall ever know.

Hasdrubal. Behold,

The moon creeps back into her tents of cloud ;
Flames flicker faintly round the cypress' glooms,
And ghastly rows of eyeless hollow skulls,
The haunts of brains long mouldering. 'Tis a fane
Planted for terror : see, our ancestress
Grows yet more pallid, in the fading glare.

Hamilcar. As mourning o'er the first wrong of our
race,

Wrought by the stock of Rome, and bidding us,
Her late avengers, halt not. Seek the fleet,
And stir our mariners that, like brave ships,

They tug the anchor, when the sails are set.

Come hither Hannibal. *[Exit Hasdrubal.]*

Hannibal. And may I go

With you and with the army ?

Hamilcar. Think, my son :

For fancy runs where reason lags behind,

And wishes, at your years, have often wings

That bear them upward, like a paper kite,

While the string holds them, let it slip they fall.

You *wish* to go, but have you *will* to stay

So far from all your mates ?

Hannibal. I love no game

Like feigning voyages of valiant crews,

Of which I am the captain.

Hamilcar. At the start,

The racer shows his notion of himself,

But the world crowns him as he gains the goal.

Impatient temper often mars fair wit.

There lies your danger, in too quick a fire.

Are you content, when in your father's ranks,

To learn to serve before you seek to rule ?

Hannibal. I am content to undertake all tasks

You set me ; but I cannot learn from books

Either to serve or rule. You had begun
At near my age to be about the camp.

Hamilcar. Who goes with us, upon no common
march,
Must have quick eyes and ears and ready hands,
Sense to know when to speak, and when be still,
Must ask few questions, fast, and watch, and ride
'Neath sultry suns, and keep a cheerful heart.

Hannibal. Boasting is easy breath, but you have
said,
“The dog that barks the loudest is not he
That grips the fastest.”

Hamilcar. Where would you hold fast?

Hannibal. With all I love best and on all I hate.

Hamilcar. I like that. Half the passions of mankind,
Seeming dissimilar, have a single root.
Who cannot hate need never hope to love.
The man who makes no enemies secures
No friends, and leads a soon forgotten life.
What lov'st, what hat'st thou most? Be strong in both,
In neither sudden, like the flash that's spent
In surface-shining noise, and nothing more.
Stromboli's blazing never shakes the world;

Etna, beneath her shrouds of silent snow,
Keeps her resistless overwhelming streams.

What lov'st thou most ?

Hannibal. My mother, thee my sire,
And our own city Carthage.

Hamilcar. And thou hat'st ?

Hannibal. All that would hurt us.

Hamilcar. Then hate chiefly Rome
That would destroy us—our eternal foe.
Come with me here, my son !

Hannibal. Where meanest thou ?

Hamilcar. Up to the altar of the Gods of Tyre.

Hannibal. Do the Gods live within these temples,
Father ?

Whose image this I see here, and whose skulls
Set in a circle, decked with lotus leaves ?

Hamilcar. These are the heroes who have fought
 with Rome,
And this the Dido whom Æneas left,
Fleeing from Troy, to plunder Italy.
The Gods who rule the earth are far removed,
Their dwelling place is all the round of Heaven.
The stars, the moon, the hill-tops, and the sea,

The sun himself, are but their sentinels.
Their temples are the oracles that stand
Nigh to the gates of their serene abodes ;
They come there, when we meet them, with a heart
That has a single aim, and with a voice
That speaks their language.

[*Leading up to the altar.*

Carthage bids me here

Exact a vow. Wilt make it ?

Hannibal.

Yea, and keep.

Hamilcar. Swear on this altar, whatsoe'er betide,
Few be thy days or many, dark or fair,
In triumph or in trouble, far or near,
To live and die the enemy of Rome.

Hannibal. Upon the altar of my country's Gods,
Few be my days or many, dark or fair,
In triumph or in trouble, far or near,
I swear to live and die Rome's enemy.

Hamilcar. Then come with me.

End of Prologue.

ACT I.

Argument.

ACT I.

Eighteen years have passed. The scene is laid in Spain. The Barcidæ—Hamilcar, Hasdrubal, and Hannibal—have there founded a kingdom. Hamilcar has fallen on the field and has been succeeded by his son-in-law, Hasdrubal, who has established his head-quarters at Carthagera. Spain and Africa are being welded together against Rome ; when Hasdrubal falls by the hand of a Gallic slave, animated by revenge for the death of his master, and the instigations of a Roman spy. Hannibal, who has married the daughter of a Spanish king, succeeds Hasdrubal, avenges his death, and prepares to wage war on Rome. He attacks and captures Saguntum, sacrifices to the Gods of Tyre at Gades, marshals his forces, and crosses the Iberus.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—INTERIOR OF THE PALACE OF HASDRUBAL
AT CARTHAGENA.

Hasdrubal, Myra, and Imilce.

Myra. An' thou must go, then pray make quick
return,

For I am ill at ease.

Hasdrubal.

No need to urge

That I abridge my exile.

Myra.

Aye, there is ;

Old love with men needs urging, like a steed

Weary with service. Custom slackens you

That ties us faster.

Hasdrubal.

Is there cause to say

That I have wearied of thy service, dear ?

Myra. In our young days the world was yet to win ;

But eighteen wandering years have given thy home
More claims on constancy ; let Hannibal
Command to-night.

Imilce. Nay, 'tis our honeymoon.

Myra. Ours was scarce spent when he had won the
hearts

Of half Iberia : meanwhile, I was left
To starve on messages and memories,
Till the last sliding of the slippery Moors
Recalled his forces ; upon which he took
Twelve rebel towns, and at the close his wife.

Imilce. The most audacious rebel of them all.

Hasdrubal. Since when, she has been partner of all
mine,—

My plans, my toils, my triumphs, my decrees.
Our love has been no fruit of summer suns,
But a perennial blossom that will bloom
Through all our winters.

Myra. Then remain with me
This only evening. Since my father fell
I dread strange dangers.

Hasdrubal. You have touched the chief
Of all our sorrows : but his charge remains,

To bind in amity old foes made friends,
And saturate Iberia with Tyre.
How oft have I upon this mission bent
Brought back to you my homage.

Myra. Ah, how oft

Hamilcar went to battle and returned ;
Till, on a morning big with fate, he dashed
Across the Tagus, and came home no more.

Hasdrubal. To-day I sit in council, to dispute
The bounds of Rome.

Vallus [*entering.*] My Lord, the escort waits.

[*Exit Vallus.*

Myra. Have not that Gaul about you. I distrust
him.

Hasdrubal. Distrust that points to danger is but
fear.

Myra. Thou rest'st too much on magnanimity.

Hasdrubal. When, from the pillars to Cantabria,
There wants but little of a single rule,
Shall I, the single ruler, stand in awe,
Of a poor body slave? Have better cheer
Keeping thy old brave heart; and so, Farewell!

[*Exit Hasdrubal.*

Myra. Yet, stay! He's gone; and I forebore to
press

My reasons, with their proper circumstance.

Ah, me! Imilce; even so the moon

Went shimmering o'er the waters, years ago:

'Twas in thy infancy, when I, a girl,

Sitting at Carthage, by Elissa's side,

We talked of Spain, and of Hamilcar's going.

How it comes back, the hills, the bay, the time—

I feel her words were true, that perfect loves

Have quickest partings.

Imilce.

And you magnified

The glories of your race?

Myra.

I spake to her

Of Hannibal, our hope, whom thou hast won,

But can'st not keep for ever with thy spells.

Imilce. He will not leave me, wheresoe'er he go,

No ivy clings so close as I, no ore

Is so embedded in the hills as I

Within his heart.

Myra. There Carthage claims a place.

Imilce. To her he has paid all dues; for where he
dwells

Is the best part of Carthage—all of me.
He claimed his worshipper, and I am his,
And he is mine, through spaces and through times.
Come Myra, half the sadness of our life
Is sheer invention and expectancy.
I'll chase those shadows with the tinkling song
My much enduring Spanish lover made,
Ere I was captive to the Barcidæ.

“ Laughingly glitter the islands,
When round them the glad waves leap ;
And, on shining sands, the Syrens
Are murmuring spells of the deep.

Lovingly linger the roses,
On Sierras of fading snow ;
When the folded lilies are listening
To the slumbering river's flow.

Radiantly riseth the morning,
From the ridge of the eastern hill,
And deep is the trance of the starlight,
When the winds of the world are still.

I dreamt of the musical waters,
Of the glories of shore and sea ;
Till, awaking, I found them woven
In a long day-dream of thee.

Thou art my voice in the battle,
My fall of eve, my flower
Among asphodels in the valley,
My rest in the silent hour.

The glittering isle, the morning
Star, sun, and moon to me.
For the tide of my heart keeps setting
In the light of love, to thee !”

SCENE II.—THE CAMP AT ILLICIS AT NIGHT. IN
FRONT OF HASDRUBAL’S TENT.

Vallus and Statius.

Statius. The guards are drenched with last night’s
banqueting ;

Now steal into his tent, and strike the blow.

Vallus. It half mislikes me.

Statius. ’Tis a weak heart holds
A wavering hand. The chance may ne’er return.

Vallus. To slay a sleeping man !

Statius. Would you assault
Or challenge him to combat, on parade,
Girt by his menial thousands, and be whipped
Before you’re hung ! Who plays a perilous game
Must catch at all occasions.

Vallus.

He has showered

Bounties and benefits : and, though I feigned
Regard I felt not, yet it clogs my hate
To have received them.

Staius.

Bounties to his curs !

Was it for picking bones you sought to serve
The noble Hurco's butcher? Mar the hopes
Of Spain, that looks to you to blot this plague,
Who, more by fraud than force made tyrant here,
Is crushing out the life of all the land ;
Who drains her mines to fill his palaces,
Drafts off her sons, and gives her fairest girls
To mercenary Moors ; abandon Gaul ;
Let Rome's good-will be nothing ; Carthage
comes,

Speaking through me, to urge you free the State
From pressure of this o'ergrown family,
Who hold their honours as a heritage.
Forswear yourself, betray us if you will,
Crouch like a dog and hug your benefits.

Vallus. I defraud no one. Would you take this
deed

So noble on yourself?

Staius.

Irresolute fool !

[*Offering to take the dagger.*

But stay, the risk were slight, should you be found,
Familiar to his tent as there by right ;
And though 'twere glory for a homeless slave
To make this riddance, 'twere offence in me
To bring a possible prejudice on Rome
For that which, coming as a State affair,
Might wear an ill complexion. 'Tis my post,
Soon as your signal flashes, to excite
Hubbub of tongues and torches and provide
For your free exit, till the storm be o'er.
When Gisco, both by years and services
Next in command, shall have his seat secure,
Your pardon comes and then your recompense.

Vallus. My act at least if not my will is yours.

[*As he enters the tent a party of horse is heard
approaching.*

SCENE III.—THE PALACE AT CARTHAGENA.

Imilce, Myra, Mago, Silanus.

Imilce. Ah me ! your dreams were ominous of ill.

Myra. Wait tears. Silanus, bring my Afric steed,
The fleetest runner. [*Exit Silanus.*

[*To Mago.*] Tell me how it chanced ?

Mago. When Maharbal and I had gone the rounds
In the first watch, we saw two figures glide,
Where the fresh breezes blow above the camp ;
As we were noting these, rushed Hannibal
Upon us like a fire and cried to horse,
Then like a fire we hurtled up the hill,
And found the envoy whose way-laid dispatch
Made manifest the mischief, but too late ;
For, staggering from the tent, came Hasdrubal,
Clutching the arm of Vallus, from whose hand
There fell a dagger, stained with the best blood
Of Carthage.

Myra. Miscreant ! slow consuming fires
For thee will never staunch his wound. The rest ?

Mago. The impious hand was but the instrument
Of fiendlike treason, hatched by deeper guile,
That pricked him on, with putrid talk of wrongs
Done to his master Hurco, in whose name
He braved the infamy.

Myra.

But Hasdrubal ?

Mago. A gleam of sunshine came across his
scorn ;

He turned to me, and said, " Bring Myra here,
She has her father's heart."

Silanus [*entering*]. The horses wait. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—HASDRUBAL'S TENT.

Hasdrubal lying on a couch ; near him *Myra*, *Hannibal*
and *Mago* ; behind whom the *Generals of the Army*,
Maharbal, *Acron*, *Zacantho*, &c.

Hasdrubal. After those last embraces, I can die.
Weep not for me ; I have had prosperous days.
A quiet life may have a quiet close ;
But they who fight for empires, like our race,
Must fall in harness. 'Mid the mists, I see
Warrior ghosts, that beckon me and point
To Hannibal, around his head a flame,
Your leader that shall be in mightier fields,
Planting your standards o'er the hills that bound
My work, not wholly vain. I am content
To have served Carthage. But his name will be

Her splendour and a terror to her foes,
Until the end. I cannot tell the end—
I see great fires and ruined citadels
And brave men falling round : Forgive me friends,
For dying dreams are sickly. Keep you whole,
Pull well together, as our rowers pulled
Across the Syrtes, when I was a boy.
Myra ! dost thou remember how we met
When we sailed boats, and plashed about the bay.
I wonder do its ripples, now as then,
Shine in the sun and in Astarte's light.
No ripple ever came between our loves.
Follow me,—follow, if the hope be true,—
To horse, Maharbal ! Archers, draw your bows,
Shoot all your arrows sunward, whence we came ;
Though the clouds hide them, they may strike the
targe.

I'm with your armies still. Beware of Rome.
Trust in my Spaniards. Acron, tell the Gauls
We do them no dishonour for this flaw,
But fight their battles. So my silver mines,
Yielding a million monthly, have brought back
The islanders. At last on Syracuse

Our banner waves. Saguntum—breach her walls.
Pass the Iberus—Myra !—Hannibal !

Hannibal. He sleeps where treason cannot touch
his heart.

SCENE V.—THE CARTHAGINIAN CAMP.

*The Army, who have elected Hannibal as their General
in Chief.*

Hannibal. Soldiers, *my* soldiers, if your will expressed

In no ambiguous voice has made you mine,
I take this honour, with the pride subdued
Of one acknowledging his worth derived
From fame of those whose loss has placed him here.
There are among you who recall the hour
When first my father sought these shores, with aims
Not wholly understood by those he served,
As is the world's wont ; but with a spell
To win men's hearts, that shamed his enemies—
He came, our star that broadened to a sun.
Gades, the harbour of our ancestors,

Grew to an empire : nor appeared his power
Less feeble in contrivance for defence ;
For, of that rare complexion which success
Over-exalts not nor defeat dismays,
He rose on others' errors. In debate
His word was Carthage as her will is ours ;
And, when his arm directed to the fight,
Which of you halted ? So he made us know
Nothing impossible to single minds,
And built again our ramparts. Hasdrubal
Received his office. Rapid in device,
He fenced and gleaned the harvest from the ground
Hamilcar planted ; with as strong a skill,
He cleft all factions, satisfied all claims,
From the broad rock of justice, and so made
A nation out of various warring tribes ;
Sowing and reaping our luxuriant fields,
And bidding freedom, fenced with order, bear
Her golden fruits : nor is there in our midst
Who does not mourn him.. In their ranks I served ;
By their example strove to learn to rule.
These wanting, our endeavours were discrowned,
Had they not charged us with their royal scorn

Of pain and death. The worst of both is loss
Of what we lean on : ye who have endured
An equal blow, still let your armour ring
Uncracked, best music to the mighty shades.
We are no summer sailors ; even this gale
Shall yet be weathered, if the hope is good
That rests on seasoned valour, and the love
Ye bear the names, on which I stand entrenched.
The Greeks of old, when great Achilles fell,
Still made for Troy : there was a faction then
Perchance, who, weary of the ten years' war,
Would have resought Mycenæ. Longer time
We have been warring, as an earnest given
Of what we shall accomplish : make it good ;
Nor stagger backward from the middle bridge,
Betrayed by faint hearts, diplomatic hands
That sign away the glories of our race.
Men who ne'er fought, or watched, or rose with you
To the call of trumpets, never felt the glow
Of combat, and ne'er heard the shout of hosts
Thronging in triumph to the citadels
Hamilcar built, Hasdrubal garrisoned,
Would render up our spoil to hostile shrines.

If ye can bend to this—revoke your choice,
Have Hanno's envoy for your general ;
If ye be other minded, follow me.

[*Acclamation from the Army.*]

SCENE VI.—THE SAME. HANNIBAL AND THE ARMY.

Hannibal. What says the slave, does he still make
dumb show ?

Boscar. The irons taxed him, till at length he
named

The Roman as his friend.

Hannibal. Whom hither bring.

Gisco. Were it not well, or e'er you move in this,
To wait the Senate's seal on your command ?

Hannibal. When Carthage deems it wisdom to
relieve

Me of this office, which I have not sought,
But which till then I've taken, and till then
Shall hold and exercise, it will be mine
To serve with the same faith I now exact.
Meanwhile, there is a work which will not wait
On your good pleasure. I have dragged to light

A crime, and shall avenge it. Whoso lets
Or hinders me in this, avows himself
Murder's accomplice.

[*To Statius who is led in in chains.*

You had other ends
Than the interest of your brave Saguntines here ?

Statius. None other. Your Numidian savages,
Whose steeds have torn the wretched Gaul in twain,
Have found some brutal means to make him pipe
To the tune that pleases you ; but there's no law,
Custom, or right, that links a freeman's fame
With the forced slanders of a slave. Ye Gods !
Your thought's an outrage, your mad violence
Stains and affronts a Roman citizen.
You smile, remember the Tarentine laugh ;
Strike off these bonds, or, by the city's self,
Your time will come to wear them.

Hannibal. If I smile,
It is because your miserable farce
Succeeds to so supreme a tragedy.
After how long rehearsals were you crowned
Chief boaster and chief liar in the town
In which there are so many candidates ?

Staius. Is there a Roman by to hear these words?

Hannibal. Have there your wish. Admit th' Ambassadors.

Enter the Roman Embassy.

Now, before these, and by your country's Gods,
And by her fame for valour, wisdom, power,
You had no knowledge of this villany?

Staius. You have no office to put oaths to me ;
But, for the honour of the Roman name,
I swear it.

Hannibal. And so plunge in perjury.
Here are your letters, with your hand and seal.
My Spanish friends, you blindly tampered with,
Can vouch for time and place and circumstance :
How you first hatched the treason, goading on
The infatuate fool with fancies, and conspired
With straggling debauchees, the scum that floats
On the camp's surface, to overthrow our rule,
Ruin our house, and desecrate our homes.
'Tis a blown bubble, which we might contemn
Had it not bursting broke our noblest life.
Bear him away and circle him with fires ;

Then let the relics of his hireling crew
Rot in the sun.

Roman Ambassador. My Lord, that we in this
Had never hand nor he authority.

Hannibal. Is what I can but say; respect I
bear,
With such strong reason, toward your Roman
faith

Constrain me think so; you have safe return,
And bear this message to your senators;
That Hannibal, now general-chief of Spain,
In peace and war like absolute, is bound
To guard the treaties made by Hasdrubal,
Whose life and death lay double bonds on him
To give their dues to Carthage and to Rome.

Ambassadors. He speaks in oracles, and leaves
wide room

For more ambiguous action.

Hannibal. Hie you home;
Your pass extends up to your time of going:
But loiter not, 'tis weather for the sea,
Our leisure's short. *[Exeunt Ambassadors.]*

[To Maharbal.] Maharbal, on the morn,

We march in mass upon the Olcades,
And then Saguntum, be your battlements
Plated with triple iron, they are mine.

SCENE VII.—THE PALACE AT CARTHAGENA.

Myra and Imilce overlooking the window.

Myra. Shadows fall round us, with the breeze that
lulls

The world asleep. The forest fringe is reft
Of radiance, shade by shade ; while Hesperus
Peers o'er the marble turrets. Oft to me,
Beside the margent of the voiceful main,
When glancing day is done, the waves repeat,
Like hands that wander o'er neglected strings,
Tunes half forgotten : waifs of memory
Come back, like flowerets of an earlier spring.
Then, leaning o'er my shoulder, steals the Past,
So sunny, yet so sad and full of tears,
That the dim Present fades into a dream.

Imilce. Thou should'st have better courage, in the
thought

His fame, thou loved, is set among the stars.

Imilce. The greatest guard their own.

Myra. Their own is half the world. Thou should'st
have wed

A chief of some small province. Hannibal
Has dreams beyond the compass of our view.

Imilce. Rest after strife is dear to gods and
men,

As is the calm lake lovely from the height,
A still blue eyelet of the land. There's room,
Between the Pillars and the Pyrennees,
That blaze with warning watches o'er their pines,
Between th' Atlantic and the inland sea,
For wildest fancies to run riot in.

Is Spain not broad? my love is deep enough,
And circles round him like the ocean stream.

Myra. But that he bears Hamilcar's heritage
Of an unresting vengeance, he were won
By those soft eyes, as in Calypso's isle
Wave-worn Ulysses anchored, yet embarked
Again for Ithaca.

Imilce. But homeward bound
He left the Syren, here is home and peace
The crown of toil.

Myra. Hamilcar's soul is his ;
He has the same far vision, with the same
Unchallengeable tread he walks the hills,
And sees the valleys winding far below :
On solitary ridges gleams his way :
Mid waves of tumult, as a glowing brand
He beats the darkness back.

Imilce. You chaunt his fame,
While I assert and make my love secure.
But who approaches with the mask and mien
Of Hannibal ?

Myra. It is my brother comes
With the last news from Carthage, he who bears
My husband's name, and bids as noble days.

Hasdrubal II. (entering). Ah, Myra, my own sister,
now at last,
Over the gulf of years, I see thy soul
Look through thine eyes unaltered.

Myra. Time and change,
And the sad sickness of forced solitude,
Leave traces, but, my brother, I am thine,
Alas, more wholly now. I bid thee hail
Thy Spanish sister, and would have thee win

Her love, which loses nought in affluence
But grows in giving.

Hasdrubal. The most precious link
Of the two realms, Imilce, as our hands
Are held together let our hearts remain
And both our kingdoms.

Imilce. You have kings at home,
With crowns who do not rule, and here a king
Crownless who holds the sceptre.

Myra. And the sword
His Queen would fetter.

Hasdrubal. Will she smile on me?

Imilce. If you bring aught but peace, I shall wage
war

And dictate harsh conditions.

Hasdrubal. Nothing harsh
But from these lips would turn to gentleness,
Though I should fear reproaches in your voice
More than the roar of lions or of Rome.
But see who waits to give himself unarmed
To your worst malice.

Imilce. Trifler, why so long
Hast held me here? [*Exit.*

Hasdrubal. She's like a sunleft cloud
That soon will melt in rain. There's nought he dreads
But for her ear, the crashing of the storm
That I come charged with.

Myra. We have broke with Rome !
E'er since the first breech in their stubborn town
I've waited for their challenge.

Hasdrubal. It has come.
Straight on the news, in tardy haste, they sailed—
Three consulars for Carthage—with demand
Saguntum be restored, and, to repair
The violated treaty, Hannibal
With all his officers be rendered up ;
And while our senators, diversely swayed,
Were urging arguments, th' ambassador,
Their spokesman, Marcus Fabius, far in years,
Who ne'er will live to weather out this gale,
Gathering his robes around him, with an air
Of insolence offended, bade us choose
Or peace or war ; to which the Suffete¹³ gave
Brief answer and becoming " Which you will."
Then the old Roman thundered war, and went.
Whereon I hurried to the camp, and told

Their last forbearance, which our general
Laid open to his army. Loud the laugh
Rang through the ranks. Thereat he pledged himself
To lead them to the spoil of Italy.

Myra. Or soon or late, our triumph or our doom.
When sails the fleet?

Hasdrubal. In lordship of the isles,
Our foes are resting. They but little reck
With whom they deal, what unexpected shifts
The old Phœnician spirit ventures on.
How it will burst upon them from the Alps
That genius scorns traditionary ways!
As erst Himilco braved the unknown sea
So Hannibal the snows.

Myra. What foot has trod
Those monstrous mountains?

Hasdrubal. Though we cleave the rocks
Our arms shall pass them. Here I hold our base,
Till Gaul aroused, the Tuscan cities won,
The sleepy Macedon and Samnium stirred,
I wait my summons to a second leap.
And then, from east and west, the storm will blow.

[*Enter Hannibal and Imilce.*

Hannibal. These are the wrenches of a warrior's life ;
Of which your dusty chronicler of deeds,
Blazoned before the world in camps and courts,
And scored on battle fields, can never tell.

Hasdrubal. Would that a woman's weakness might
transfer
To me, who have no silken bonds, to lead
Our arms on this far venture, first to hew
The path of Tyre to Italy, and give
To you my homage when the field is won.

Myra. You know not love, who take its name in
vain ;
You know not him, who is no waverer ;
You know not Rome, who hope so swift a close ;
And least of all Imilce ; for she wears,
Beneath that show of gentleness, the strength
Of her untamed Sierras. She is soft
As summer breezes in her playful mood,
But with a heart as true, an edge as keen,
As Spanish swords. Her life in olive shades
Lies out of view, like a secluded flower,
But her affections take a deeper root
Than feeds on presence. She will bear the blow.

Imilce. I will not. He is mine. Will none but I
Assert my privilege, or urge the wrongs
Of wild ambition, light inconstancy?
With my own voice, I stand against the world,
And call the heavens to right me.

Myra. And they give
An answer in his glory, that shall grow
Like a great sunrise pulsing through the sky.

Hasdrubal. Are you resolved this work is not for
me?

Hannibal. I cannot bend my purpose—even to her,
Nor barter with my mission—even to you.

[*To Imilce.*] Make not my fate more grievous with
thy tears,
Nor cross my destiny with vain desire.

Imilce. Thou did'st not tell me when thou sought'st
my love,
It was a pastime, or a pleasure ground
For an hour's halt. Have I but dreamed a dream,—
As idle as the cloud that yonder moon
Flatters with silver, ere it melts away,—
Of restful summer, in a quiet home
Set in the solitude of inland hills,

Safe from the echoes of the surging sea?
'Twere better thou had'st left me all unwooded
Than thus untimely severed.

Hannibal. Would'st thou blot
Our hours together knitted, from thy Past
And miss their memories ? We have had fair days,
And sweet nights by the murmur of the main,
Through many seasons. Dearest, thou hast loved
My triumphs more than dalliance ; in thy veins
There runs the blood of Spanish kings, who fell
For the same freedom 'tis my task to fend.

Imilce. Thou fight'st for empire, not for liberty.

Hannibal. The twain are woven in the web of Tyre.
There is no room for freedom in the world,
Under the same sky, with the chains of Rome.

Imilce. Thou'rt driven to exile by a haunting dread.

Hannibal. I flee not but I follow, with the hate
That withers fear, the Gorgon to her doom.

Imilce. It is the curse of life, self-caused and sprung
Of recklessness, insatiate of success,
Of restlessness, impatient of repose,
Of thanklessness, ungracious to the Gods,
That, giving chase to rainbows like a child,

And, making life's true goal into a means,
We cannot breathe the fragrance of the air ;
But leap beyond our bounds, and run to meet
The Death that lingers.

Hannibal. Life, compact of change,
To all who live is made of gain and loss,
From which the growth of nations and of men.
We bask within the calm—the tempest blows ;
We stretch our limbs—the trumpet calls us forth,
Out of the stillness to the battle tilt.

Imilce. The bright sun changes not, the gliding moon
Waxes and wanes in measure : every morn
Aurora gilds our lattice, and at eve
Hesperus steers the same stars o'er the hill.
Keep here thy lustre, as securely won
As fondly cherished.

Hannibal. The great lamps of heaven
March, with the sovereign silence of those realms,
To which, through strife and toil, the heroes rise,
To whom I vowed my life. Shall I, forsworn,
Provoke the stones of Carthage to cry shame
On me, her chosen ruler, set apart
To lead my race into a promised land ?

Imilce. All is not laid on all. There is a chief,
Less weary of the strife, less fondly bound,
To helm the cycle of those endless wars.
Let Hasdrubal lead Carthage o'er the Alps
And leave to thee and me——

Hannibal. A tarnished name.
But fear not, for the voice of Fate that calls
Tells me I shall return.

Imilce. Ah ! why depart ?
Has love nor hold, nor lips to plead for me ?

Hannibal. Knowing itself eternal, love can wait,
To bloom in fresher springs, when work is done
Which who achieves not lives inglorious years,
That bring the deepest blush from truest love.

Imilce. Nothing inglorious touches ought that's
thine.

Hannibal. Mine is my country's future. Wilt thou
send
Me armed to meet it, with the confidence
Bids me now prophesy a nation's fame
Shall swell in me—or keep in idle ease
The hollow husk and form of Hannibal ;
Whose thoughts, forever roaming o'er the hills

Like birds untameable, would oft return,
And break through all the silences of Spain.
Reproachful clarions? Thou wilt bid me go!

Imilce. Urge me no more; a mist bedims the sea;
My words come thick—I cannot frame the sounds,
To send you from me; nor can hold you here;
But, trembling on the threshold, let you go.

SCENE VIII.—THE CAMP AT ETOVISSA ON THE
IBERUS.

Alorcus, Abelox, Bostar, Carthalo, Malcus.

Malcus. And so, this mummary at Gades o'er
Our general comes flaunting all the Gods
Bespoke for his fool's errand. We must tramp,
To join the chase of Pyrenneean wolves,
To freeze in ice and snow, and then to spill
Our fragments in the foremost consul's lap.

Alorcus. How came you here, had not your wit at
home
Made room enough to spit your venom on?

Carthalo. Oh let him rail ! he came to spy in
Spain,
But Hannibal, who knows him, holds the rogue
Safer in sight.

Malcus. I came commissioned here
To watch the raid you're set on ; when it fails,
Then is the State relieved by shaking off
Her youthful rider.

Bostar. Have a care, my friend,
He's old enough to have slit men's tongues ere now
For rancorous talking.

Malcus. You have had your sop,
Saguntum's ruler. See you keep your place ;
It may be slippery when the Romans come.

Abelox. I would I were as sure you kept your head ;
Stretching so far your privilege of buffoon.

Malcus. Is the air fresh yet from the massacre
Of half your kin, or are the ashes cold
On the fires that burnt them ? You have turned to-day,
And are as like to turn again to-morrow,¹⁴
Whose genius never lay in keeping faith.

Carthalo. Here come the Greeks, our chief, whose
leisure finds

Refreshment in their learning, has advanced
To be his tutors : they will share our toils,
And register our battles.

[*Enter Sosilus and Silanus.*

Silanus. You are bid
Stand with your soldiery in the review.

[*Exeunt the rest.*

Sosilus. It is a sight the Gods might wonder at,
To watch the winding of the serried ranks
That, like a snake with many-coloured scales,
Uncoil along the Iberus. From the hill
Over the river, I have seen defile
A brief epitome of half the world.

Silanus. How are they ranged, and who their officers ?

Sosilus. The Libyans hold the centre : horse and
foot,
With lances bristling like a forest, wheel
Around the heart of Tyre—the Punic guard,
Whose Lusitanian steel and Afric gold
Gleam through the clashing of the silver shields ;
These are the general's own, his sacred band,
Like the famed legion that on Leuctra's field
Was fatal to my sires. Before them march

The Celtiberian foot with shining greaves,
Cuirass and buckler, blade for cut or thrust,
Their snowy linens, all enlaced with red,
In ample folds. Zacantho marshals these
And waits Alorcus, whose persuasive voice
Beguiled Saguntum.¹⁴ In the van are set
The Baleares, sinewy catapults.
The earth-shaking monsters, moving fortresses,
Thunder before the lightning of the ranks.
Stark Gauls, with sword and girdle, lead the rear,
Ligurians follow, wild Nasamones ;
With wisps of men from Tripolis to the straits ;
Campanian wanderers, squat Lotophagi,
And all the vagrants that our poets found
In isles or corners of the West. With these
Are exiles of the Greeks, Massaliots,
Sicilian waifs, and hordes of every clime,
Drawn by all lures to swell this human sea.
Maharbal, set with Mago on the wings,
Orders the cavalry,—the Spanish troop,
And swart Numidians, horsed on tiger skins,
Who shoot the plain, like arrows, till the dust
Recalls the desert.

Silanus. Such a swarm¹⁵ 'tis said
The Persian clustered.

Sosilus. 'Twas a motley mass,
That broke by its own bulk. But here one voice
Creates a single life ; the master's eye
Inspires one purpose and informs the whole.
Gaul, Spaniard, Libyan, Nomad for the nonce
Are Carthaginian.

Silanus. 'Tis a wondrous power
That melts a myriad into one and makes
Itself a myriad.

Sosilus. Ne'er since Macedon
Flung her wild meteor over all the East
Has there been such a portent. Indian myths
Fable the Deity, from age to age,
Puts on a mortal shape to move mankind :
Once Alexander, now as Hannibal,
He makes the new Avatar. Can you guess
The secret of his spell ?

Silanus. That he has dwelt
In many realms is much, that in his veins
There runs the lightning of his race is more ;
But this the chief that he has one desire.

Of men who rise above the common herd
Of goats and sheep, that butt and breed and die,
The most are clipped in pieces by themselves ;
Frittered in flickering fancies ; half inclined
To fleet delights and then, with brief resolves,
Taking up languid duties ; mingling arts
Irreconcilable, or balancing
Prudence and valour, and their like's esteem,
Which is a weakness added to their own :
And so they dance like puppets jerked awry.
Who sets himself one way and pulls one string,
His Will, become a Fate, compels the world,
And while the rest stand gazing, he commands.

Sosilus. Say, has our captain never known delights,
But on the march or on the battlefield ?
Is he a Spartan of that iron type
My nation aimed at, and so aiming missed
The crown of Greece.

Silanus. Not so, hast ever found
A cynic nature fit for high designs ?
The gods make heroes of more subtle clay ;
Nor was there ever greatness unassailed
By soft addresses. He who never won

A woman's heart can never master men.
The massive lines, already chiselled round
His firm-set mouth, are marks that tell their tale
Of tyrants tamed to slaves, of passion quelled,
Of grief subdued, love slighted, for the aim
On which his straining faculties converge,
Forcing the gathered radiance into fire.
I went with him to Gades, there he made
The customary vows, and prayed aloud
To Melcareth. He burnt whole hecatombs,
And laid a kingdom's trophies on the shrine
Crusted with rubies ; but while th' incense rolled
About the altar, when a voice declared
The Gods propitious, and the gifts received,
These were but symbols of the sacrifice
Dear to celestials, for he gave Himself.

Sosilus. He comes, adieu till even. [Exit.

Hannibal [entering.] My ranks preserve
Fair order.

Silanus. Marching for the pass unfenced :
Happily stolid Rome !

Hannibal. We drop the weight
Of the half-hearted, ere we leap the ridge.

Once o'er, the path lies smoothly to the Rhone,
If Celtic pledges hold.

Silanus.

You summoned me ?

Hannibal. Tell me, Silanus, what are dreams?

You Greeks

Deem them worth record. Are they wrecks of thought
Tumbling together, and phantastical,
Or vouchers for our hopes?

Silanus.

I have no skill

To read those oracles ; but sages hold
That dreams are diverse, some mere bubbles blown
From vapours of the brain, while others bear
The message of Jove's will : 'tis neither wise
To be the sport of visions, nor to scoff :
For the rapt mind, when sleep has shut our pores
To errant influences, may forecast
Its future to itself. Your dream ?¹⁶

Hannibal.

Was thus.

I loitered here and watched the sun drawn down :
 Musing and pacing to and fro in thought,
 Till the stars faltered forth, the host was still.
 Then towards my tent I turned and slept to wake
 To a new world. The towers of Byrsa rose,
 Far in the distance, in the front were ranged,

Sitting on thrones of gold, my country's gods :—
Melcareth, Ashmon, Astaroth, Elion,
Astarte crowned with crescents, Tanais
With bow and quiver, Chronos with the beard
Of ages, and Baal Ammon, at whose feet
Hamilcar stood and smiled. A great white light
Streamed from their midst and took a human form
Which came and led me far. On unseen wings
We passed the seas and over forests flew,
And mountain torrents, in a rushing wind ;
Until beneath us lay eternal snows,
Portentous peaks and walls of adamant,
Then a long stretch of summer vales that bloomed
Round inland lakes, above whose waters shone
Innumerable towns, like eagles' nests,
Perched on the craggy slopes of dark green hills.
Restless I turned and, following o'er the plain,
Saw a strange form, of an uncertain shape,
But hideous, deadly, breathing smoke and flame,
And set with hissing snakes ; where'er it rolled,
Woods, vineyards, cities, temples, houses fell
In the same ruin. I essayed to ask
"What means this apparition ?" Came a voice,
"The desolation of Italia.

Go on thy way and cast no look behind"—

Which said, I woke and heard our trumpets blown.

Silanus. 'Tis strange and ominous, this dream has
passed

Between the gates of horn.

Hannibal.

Ascend the hill,

And bring me tidings how the army moves.

[*Exit Silanus.*

Farewell, Imilce, till from shore to shore

We interchange glad greeting. Of our fates

Thou art the brightest omen. When I cease

To think of thee as of the morn of life

Whose fiercer noon is now, may I forget

The oath I swear to him whom I beheld

In that great mystery. The star of love

Shines fairest in the West ; but full in front

Beckons the burning dawn.

Silanus.

The van begins

In triple file to cross the stream.

Hannibal.

Which bounds

Carthage and Italy !

End of Act I.

ACT II.

Argument.

ACT II.

The scene is laid in Italy (B.C. 218). Scipio, failing to bar Hannibal's passage of the Rhone, sends dispatches to the Senate announcing his failure. The Carthaginians have crossed the Alps and recount the perils of the way. They defeat the Romans at the Ticinus and, behind the scenes, at the Trebia. They winter in Liguria. The Roman democrat Flaminius is elected Consul. He meets Hannibal at Thrasymene, is routed and slain. Fabius adopts the defensive policy of delay. Hannibal devastates Italy. The Romans appoint Varro with Æmilius to conduct the war. Eight legions are destroyed at Cannæ. Maharbal advises Hannibal to march on Rome.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—THE ROMAN SENATE.

*Fabius, Flaminius, Æmilius, Marcellus, Gracchus,
Manlius, Varro.*

The Prætor, L'Atilius, arrives with dispatches.

Fabius. Letters from Pisa, with the consul's seal.

Atilius. From Scipio, landed at the Arno's mouth,
Greeting, and herewith summary of events :—
“ Our forces, after violence of rough seas,
Recruited at Massilia ; when report
Came that the foe had passed the Pyrennees :
And, while our van made haste to bar the fords,
We found the Carthaginian, by swift strides
Evading our allies, had flung his force
Over the upper Rhone : which heard, I marched
With all alacrity, and chased his rear ”——

Varro. With all the alacrity of Scipio !——

Atilius. “ Even to Arausio, till the Punic craft,
That overtops his courage, dived in flight
Among unknown recesses of waste lands,
Whither 'twas vain to follow. After rest,
Due to my legions weary with our speed,
I sent the bulk with Gneius into Spain.
I myself here, commanding the reserves,
Shall catch whatever relics of the raid
May straggle o'er the mountains, and make proof
Whether this Hannibal be Hercules,
Leading another race, or these be they
Who were our fathers' slaves. Meanwhile 'twere wise
To call Sempronius back from Sicily,
To join with me in making sure the Gauls.
So, with my duty to the State, Farewell.”

Marcellus. He has been slow, but mindful of his
men,
Which may avail them when they come to fight.

Varro. Aristocratic apathy, and pride
That is most arrogant when most befooled,
In what proportions blent were hard to say,
Appear in every line of that dispatch.

Æmilius. Hot haste at starting comes not first to
port ;

'Tis courage mixed with caution steers aright ;

Not that ill-omened zeal of Regulus.

It were beyond example to have chased

The foe among the wilds of further Gaul.

So spare your taunts. The consul has done well

To clench our hold on Spain.

Flaminius. He has done ill.

Letting the vantage of our barriers go,

Disarmed, the incapable, defenceless, comes,

In after-born effrontery, to oppose

The flower of Carthage. These are they for
whom

Ye drain the people. They must lead our ranks ;

Holiday lords, who count their "images,"¹⁷

And wait on auspices and precedents,

When the State hangs on a decisive throw.

Scipio has done a mischief past remead.

If the Phœnician be Hamilcar's son,

Who while you loitered rifled half the West,

Our twice-foiled consul may expect a fall,

For which the tribes shall tax your policy.

Gracchus. As is their wont, until success transforms

Rash censures into raptures.

Manlius.

Even more rash,

And just as fickle, shifting 'neath the moon
Of Fortune ; Scipio, in reverse to-day,
Is timorous, laggard, crawling like a crab :
To-morrow, let us check the adversary,
Straight he is prudent, patient, wisely bold.
Their frowns come better first, then favour lasts.
My ancestor, who summered in their smile,
They tossed from the Tarpeian.

Fabius.

Let them roar,

So we but serve the city. Though 'tis hard
To bear the taunts of men who deem of war
As of some faction-fight with stones and clubs
Where the most forward win, we wait the close,
And let our censures pause upon the event.
Delay is on the side that holds its own.
To those who appraise themselves and lessen us,
I answer only that our ancestors
Won and kept Italy, for us and them,
By deeds of more account than clamour struck

From their own brass. Who spurns at "images"¹⁷
Proclaims his fathers nameless, taints himself
With envy that decries the thing it longs for
And vanity that ridicules the pride
It vainly apes. If I can aught achieve
Not all unworthy those who marched from Rome,
One house, to match with Veii's banded might,
I pardon Varro. It afflicts us more
To countenance detractors of the State,
Who, in her hour of peril, sow and reap
Dispeace and discord.

Varro. While we change fine words,
Methinks the Carthaginian, even now,
Laughs loud, on your own soil, at your dull wits.

Marcellus. Quick strokes and strong may yet repair
the loss ;
If we put trust no more in streams and hills
To fight our battles, but in hearts and hands.
Grant me two legions, and I pledge my faith,
While prudent Scipio still recruits himself,
To cancel his delays, and turn to ghosts
Those skeletons of men, who stagger here,
With frozen limbs half-broken over rocks,

Their strength frayed out with fasting, all their hope
In the brief fury of a mad despair.

Gracchus. Ye twain contend, when boasting bears
the bell.

Manlius. This brawl is out of tune. I never doubt
The Gods will guard this city of their choice.
If we, who are her sons, will in this stress
Forget our difference in the Commonweal,
And stand four-square to all the blasts that blow,
The long keel of our stately ship shall ride
Securely o'er the waves of Afric war.
We are of Rome, which word means victory,
Entrenched on the inheritance of might,
That stemmed the Æquan and the Volscian rage,
That tamed the Latin, quelled the Samnite pride,
Subdued the Lucumœs, drove Pyrrhus home,
And rose, Antæus-like, from Gallic fires ;
While they of Carthage are the sons of men
Our sires have beaten over land and sea.
Plant we our feet upon the rock of Rome,
Inviolatè, unshaken, far from fears,
The torrent that is tumbling from the Alps
Will break in foam about our battlements.

For present use, it is agreed, we raise
New levies for the walls, recall our arms
From Lilybæum, and bid Scipio hurl
This fire into his soldiers, that they fight
For no outlying province, subject isle,
But let them think that where they stand is Rome,
And that, before the Senate and the tribes,
They strike for home, and liberty, and life.

SCENE II.—CARTHAGINIAN CAMP ON THE TICINUS.

Malcus, Maharbal, Sosilus, Mutines, Magilus, Alorcus,
Carthalo.

Alorcus. Where lies the enemy ?

Carthalo. Some leagues in front.

Malcus. May he be gentler than the rocks and
snows,

Where ravening wolves and vultures howl and
scream

Over the bones of half our armament.

Alorcus. Scoff and scold on ; you came to make us
laugh ;

And on the Alps your constant shivering,

Half cold, half terror, made such merriment
That we forgot our dangers.

Malcus.

Ugh, ugh, ugh !

Enough of that ; must I live o'er again
The hours when every moment seemed my last ?
Starving on ice-heaps, crouching under crags,
Sliding on snow-drifts, munching scraps of bears,
Whose fathers, sons, and brothers, fed on us.
What think you is the judgment of those brutes
On various kinds of flesh ? The horse is tough
With over-lashing, and the elephant
Ample but flabby 'neath his ponderous folds ;
The Spaniard, fit for eating, somewhat slim,
Like the Numidian ; the sleek Punic guard,
Unwholesome with the scurvy, and the Gaul
So customary that they roared for change.

Magilus. But Malcus so intolerably stale
Their noses warned them, and so saved their jaws.

Mutines. Worst fate of Malcus is he eats him-
self,

With envy at the triumph of our way
Over the wildest summits of the world ;
And many a night, by camp-fires on the plain,

Sharing the spoil of cities, we'll recount
To our old mates, or fair Italian ears,
The perils and the glories of a march¹⁸
That casts in shade Alcides' fabled toils.

Sosilus. Scene first;—The Pyrennees at Venus
point,¹⁹

Her temple shining o'er the waves, that came—
Rising and falling with the sounds that swell
The grand old choral music of the sea,—
To greet us with a murmur from the East.
The next;—the broad blue waters of the Rhone,
That swirled betwixt us and the yelling Gauls,
Until our vanguard flashed upon their rear,
And freed the passage;—the long line of wharfs,
The glittering arms, horse, foot, and elephants,
Twisting their monstrous trunks in wonderment;
Last, the great cheer upon the further bank!

Alorcus. I still recall the general's laugh of scorn,
When the rash outskirts of the Roman chase
Wheeled from their onset.

Magilus. I, the robbers'²⁰ look,
When they saw Carthage seated on their crags
As the sun broke on their discomfiture.

Sosilus. What sights, what sounds, what wonders
marked our way !

Terrors of ice, and glories of the snow,
Wide treacherous calms, and peaks that rose in
storm

To hold the stars, or catch the morn, or keep
The evening with a splendour of regret ;
Or, jutting through the mists of moonlight, gleamed
Like pearly islands from a seething sea ;—
On dawn-swept heights, the war-cry of the winds ;
The wet wrath round the steaming battlements,
From which the sun leapt upward, like a sword
Drawn from its scabbard ;—the green chasms that cleft
Frost to its centre ; echoes drifting far,
Down the long gorges of the answering hills ;
The thunders of the avalanche ;—the cry
Of the strange birds that hooted in amaze
To see men leaving all the tracks of men ;—
Snow-purpling flowers, first promise of the earth ;
Then welcome odours of the woods less wild ;
Grey lustres looming on the endless moor ;
The voice of fountains, in eternal fall
From night and solitude to life and day !

Maharbal. Let me live o'er the hour we gained the
crest,

And, far athwart the wilderness, looked down
On these abounding valleys, with his voice
Calling aloud—"That plain is Italy ;
And yonder, soldiers, lies the road to Rome."
That cancelled all our toils.

Carthalo. Which, after rest,
And our swift mastery of the Gallic towns,
Unlocked by keys of gold that wise men use
To save a dearer purchase, are o'erpaid.

Sosilus. Such sight ne'er cheered the veterans of
Greece,
Who, pausing on the verge of farthest Ind,
Way-worn returned : for at our feet are laid
More worlds to conquer.

Mutines. Last regrets are due
To those who bore the stress and missed the palm.
Would all our valiant comrades were but here !

Carthalo. Their monuments are buried in the
snows,
But let their memories, lasting as the hills,
Stir in our hearts and nerve our arms in fight.

*Enter Hannibal with the army and a troop of captive
 ²¹ Gauls preparing for single combat.*

Hannibal. Who shirks the test I tender, rests a slave.
They who survive shall join our ranks or pass
Back to their homes.

[The Gauls fight with each other.]

Magilus. The victor's flush scarce tops
The joy of those who meet the mortal stroke,
Free as the freedmen who now wave their swords.

Hannibal. My soldiers, if your reckoning of your-
 selves

Be like your thought of these, the day is ours,
For, in their fate, you contemplate your own.
Fortune has bound us with as strong a chain :
Fenced in, without a ship, between two seas,
The Po, a broader and more rapid Rhone,
Hems us in front, behind the mountain bar
Rears all its terrors 'gainst retreat. Where first
We meet the foe we are compelled to fight,
And have no choice 'tween death and victory.
But such a crown of conquest never men
Have asked the Gods to grant. Our weary wars

Had borne no worthy fruit ; our perilous way,
From Gades and the further ends of earth,
Has brought us hither, over savage peaks,
To win our fathers' loss and add the spoil
Heaped in the richest valleys under heaven.
Ye are my veterans, who, with me, have tamed
A hundred tribes and scaled a hundred heights.
I have been with you in a hundred fields.
Companion of your dangers and your toils,
Hungering and thirsting on the sultry march,
Sleeping by watch-fires on the winter hills,
The nursling of your camp, I know your names ;
And read in each man's glance what will he bears
To strike for Carthage. I look round on men
Upon whose valour I have set a mark,—
The chivalry of Spain, the prime of Gaul—
Fronting a levy of the dregs of Rome ;
Their six months' captain, to his force so new
That, shift our standards, he would seek my tent.
What fear ye in the shadow of a name
Worn by the worst oppressors of the world ?
Mark their conditions—" Render up your chiefs,
Your ports, your islands ; pay perpetual tax ;

Touch not Saguntum, nor advance a step
Beyond the Iberus." If we yield the realm
Even from Tartessus to the Pyrennees
They call for Africa. To us remains
Nothing but what our arms shall vindicate.

Mago [*entering*.] A cloud of dust : it is the enemy !

Hannibal. Are they in force ?

Mago. The light divisions leave
The bulk behind the stream ; they rather come
To spy than fight.

Hannibal. Have at them with the horse.
Drive round them like a hailstorm. Now's the hour,
Soldiers, to show the difference of men,
Who, like the foe, have refuge for their flight,
And we whose lives are wagered on a blow.

SCENE III.—ANOTHER PART OF THE PLAIN NEAR
THE TICINUS.

Enter Atilius and Fulvius with Romans in retreat.

Fulvius. Can we not stay them ? Jove's own bolts
consume
The runagates !

Atilius. Too late ! the line is broke ;
The archers first gave way, and, mixed in flight,
Confuse our cavalry, against whose front
Hannibal thunders ; while, on either side,
Those pestilent Numidians tear our flanks ;
To and fro dashing, like the ill-omened wolf.
Brave beyond prudence, both commanders risk
The whole while they are tilting.

Manlius [*entering.*] Spur your horse,
Quick to the rescue ; in the central van
The consul raging is in fear to fall.

Atilius. The Gods forbid, shout Rome and Scipio.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Mutines with Numidians.

Carthage and victory ! we shall catch their rear,
And tumble all their fragments in the stream.
Now that your fangs are fleshed, bite fast, hold hard,
And cry “no quarter :” every Roman life
Buys a large recompense ; your own right hands
Make free the slave, and give the freeman lands.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Fulvius and Manlius with Romans.

Fulvius. How fares the consul?

Manlius. Wounded nigh to death,
While, with rash valour, rallying back his men,
A brave Ligurian fenced him, till his son
Burst through the hostile ring and bore him off.

Fulvius. Back to the brook! We must recross
the Po,
And near Placentia's ramparts well entrenched
Lean on the buttress of the Apennines.

Manlius. There to await Sempronius.

Fulvius. Would he stayed,
Nor let fresh anger working on conceit
Urge to some new excess of hardihood.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Hannibal, Mago, and Maharbal.

Maharbal. Would there were more,—our swords
were scarce unsheathed!
The consul had been ransomed by a fort,
But for that sudden onset of his son.

Hannibal. A filial duty we must needs commend,
But watch that youth.²³

Mago. I would you watched yourself,

Nor broke your pledge, when by Saguntum's wall,
You had, for six good months, to nurse your wound.

Hannibal. 'Twas the first taste of Roman blood,
like wine,

Awoke the Libyan lion in my veins.

Enough. This skirmish gives an argument

To stir our men, and fix the fickle Gauls.

The day is ours, the dawn of greater days.

Sound a recall !

SCENE IV.—THE CAMPUS MARTIUS AT ROME.

February, B.C. 217, after the Battle of the Trebia.

*Minucius, Gracchus, Sempronius, Flaminius, Varro,
and Citizens.*

Clamour of Citizens. Flaminius ! yes, Flaminius is
the man,

Born to make good this loss, which overdoes

The worst in memory. Two whole armies wrecked !

Varro. Were these the days, when your imperilled
rights

Found braver champions, we had called to account

Those lavish spillers of the people's blood.

What ranker treason than to goad your troops
Over the Trebia's swollen winter stream,
And, e'er their morning meal, like famished sheep,
To thrust them shivering in the foxes' jaws ?
Far better they had slain them in the camp,
Nor added mockery to massacre.
Sluggish, when courage would have doubled speed,
Reckless, where prudence were in wise delay,
Those consuls are our butchers.

Gracchus.

'Tis your trade

That you disparage, would-be consular !—

Varro. Their own skins whole, they care not whose
are torn.

Scipio, with wounds that plead for lesser blame,
Runs off, by self-sought exile, into Spain.
Bolder Sempronius, reeking from the wrack
Of our four legions, comes to ask your votes.

*[Sempronius, rising to speak, is interrupted by shouts
from the people.]*

Citizens. Murderer, Parricide ! Go, bury our sons.
'Tis said the Carthaginians eat their flesh ;
Would they had eaten yours.

Gracchus.

Good citizens,

I am a senator.

Citizen.

Away with him !

Another. Nay, hear him, for he voted for the law
That gave us lands.

Gracchus.

And yet the people's friend.

I crave mere justice and forbearance, due
From those who know how fickle fortune tilts
Her balances against the best. Our sires
O'er Heraclea mourned, and Asculum ;
And many as hard a blow has been outbraved
As he has suffered who but claims a voice.

Varro. Hear the great vanquisher of Hannibal !

Sempronius. Tribunes and tribesmen, there were no
retreat

I had not rather sought than face the men
Who feel their losses lightened by my fall.
In this I envy Scipio, that he waits
On time to plead his purpose good, and touch
The rawness of this sore with healing hand.
I come, in homage to the law that calls
Me to collect your suffrage, making way
For those who are my masters, and your choice ;

Whom our defeats may warn, they undertake
To match with one familiar with all shifts
And stratagems of war. Be their's the fame
To bring renown to Rome, if Jove accord
Stayer of flight, and chase our clouds away.

[*Renewed interruption and cries of Flaminius.*

Flaminius. My people, whom I love and for whose
votes

I sue not all unknown, but three times graced
By your good favours, lay it not to pride
If craving this renewal of your trust
I dwell on deeds——

An Augur [entering with Senators]. Break the
Comitia up.

The Gods are angry,²² and on all our coasts
Rain portents. The Sicilian troops have seen
Their watch-towers gleaming with a hideous glare,
And sparkling spear-heads. The Sardinian waves
Flame on the shore : two shields have sweated blood :
Soldiers are struck with thunderbolts ; the sun
Shrinks to a star. A shower of burning hail
Beats on Præneste ; clouds have taken shape

Of hands that menace, casting balls of fire.
The Alpine valleys darken with eclipse.
Capena shudders at ill-omened moons,
Rising at noontide in the murky sky.
Rivers from Cære run with clots of gore.
Reapers at Antium gather sanguine sheaves.
Near by Falerii, where the Tiber flows,
The heavens have opened ; and from out the gulf
There streams an awful light. The sacred lots
Dwindle and fall to earth ; on one is writ
“Mars shakes his lance ;” his effigy at Rome
Rocks on its centre, and is damp with dews
Of terror ; shrieks are heard about the shrines.
Add to these horrors, that at Capua
A goat is clad in fleece, a hen has changed
Into a cock——

Flaminius.

A cock into a hen,

An augur to a beldame telling tales
To frighten nurslings, and make warriors laugh.
What were you paid for all this gibberish ?

Augur. Hear him, great Jove, who mocks at all
the Gods.

Flaminius. I hail it as an omen of good luck

When you come sputtering forth your purchased rant,
And mumbling malice. 'Tis my wont to take
Impostures by the throat, nor stoop to choose
Ambiguous words. On my first honour, won
By your election, it was said Jove's bolts
Smote his own temple, and Apollo's shrine :
Which meant that, as your tribune, I should wrest
Picenum's fields from wealthy senators,
For use of those who won them, brave poor men.
Next, as your consul, when my legions hung
O'er Volaterra—the same streams ran blood ;
Three moons were whirling in a single sky ;
And vultures hovered round the Palatine :
The end whereof was fifty thousand Gauls
Routed in battle, and their standards borne,
In my Valerian triumph,²⁴ doubly won
By double victory over double checks,—
The worst my countrymen's. As censor, last,
I had to face more prodigies, more moons ;
To lay your roads, to build your circuses,
To merge the freedmen in our city tribes ;
And curb the greedy traders, who would make
A merchandise of Rome ! In all which acts

Your weal has been my beacon. Would no storms
Lowered on the State but that of foreign foes :
But, far athwart the Carthaginian fear,
I see a gathering cloud ; the feuds of class.
These are our vultures against which I rear
The eagle of your liberties and rights. [*Great applause.*

Minucius. We shall not waive our rights for auguries.
But name, with voice unanimous, the man
Whose zeal for us is proven in peace and war :
And with him join Servilius.

Flaminius. He with me
Shrinks not from portents, nor exalts the foe
To gloss his own disasters. We are pledged
To make an end of this dread Hannibal,
Which pledge upon my failure to fulfil
My life is forfeit. I shall ne'er return,
Tormented by a throng of injured ghosts,
To sue for mercy. I shall die in arms
Or come in triumph home.

[*Flaminius and Servilius are elected consuls.*

SCENE V.—CARTHAGINIAN CAMP IN LIGURIA.

Maharbal, Mutines, Malcus, Silanus, Hippocrates.
Alorcus.

Maharbal. What news from our late isles?

Hippocrates. Sardinia drifts

Toward her old moorings. Stirs in Syracuse

An under ferment, with the surface smooth.

Hiero holds fast by Rome, but nears apace

His ninetieth winter : and his heir has dreams

Will make for Carthage, when the hour is ripe.

Alorcus. The progress of our arms will be the sun
To hurry on the harvest of those grapes.

Hippocrates. How runs the tide with you? Two
battles won,

Ten cities rifled, leave you stranded here !

Alorcus. We essayed the pass ; but, ere we reached
the height,

There blew so fierce a storm of wind and rain

Our soldiers reeled, half-smothered in the gale.

Whereon the lightning flashed and thunder roared,

As if the heavens were fighting with the earth ;

And hailstones on our armour rattling leapt,

Then quick congealed in ice. Benumbed, distraught
With terror and fatigue, we sought retreat :
Trapping two Roman quæstors on our way,
Who wait for ransom.

Hippocrates. Does the General keep
A constant guard against the inconstant Gauls ?

Maharbal. Girt round by treasons and beset by
snares,

Our chief eludes them by all cunning shifts :
Moving his tent, and wearing such disguise
Of garment, voice, and gesture, aptly joined,
As might unchallenged range the streets of Rome.

Alorcus. I'm sick of Celts, whose burly frames
encase,

Like hollow nutshells, thin and brittle souls ;
Now fire and fury, with the first reverse
Falling asunder. Pillage is their God,
Their freedom license ; their disordered minds,
Boastful and restless, nothing can achieve
But under spurring ; did we not require
Their bodies for a sheath to Roman swords,
We might dismiss the whole marauding crew.

Maharbal. What means this tumult ?

Enter Magilus and Malcus.

Malcus. An obstreperous Gaul,
Far gone in years, but having strength enough,—
So has the weakest woman, smallest child,—
To raise a clamour, cries for audience
Of Hannibal, as having news designed
For his peculiar ear, and in return
He seeks to embrace his son within our ranks.

Alorcus. 'Tis like some trick ; what language does
he speak ?

Malcus. A medley of strange tongues.

Magilus. His Gælic's bad ;
I'd doubt his race, but that his tale avers
He has been wandering over various lands
And so confused his speech.

Hippocrates. Beware the Gaul :
'Tis in such guise that danger often lurks.

Magilus. He raves at Rome.

Hippocrates. And so more credits this
My shrewd suspicion. Is he under guard ?

Malcus. And bound in fetters, over which he frets,
Making a piteous boast that Hannibal
Will see him righted.

Maharbal.

Haul the fellow here.

Enter Old Gaul in chains with Guard.

How have you, dotard, crept into our camp?

Old Gaul. Is this the courtesy you show your friends?

Mutines. We do not know you, friend, not even your name.

Old Gaul. Whate'er my name, be sure I know you all ;

Malcus, the wit ; Alorcus, the blue blood
Of Spain ; the pilot Magilus ; Mutines,
The Libyan meteor ; then Maharbal, prince
Of Carthaginian cavalry, and last,
The half Sicilian Hippocrates.

Alorcus. A ready copy from the scroll of Rome.

Maharbal. I ask again, how came you to the camp?

Old Gaul. I gave the watch-word to the sentinel,
Supplied me by my son, whom my old eyes,
After long years of absence hunger for.

Maharbal. Are you a Gaul, and can you undertake,
'Mong twenty thousand of your countrymen,
To single out your son?

Old Gaul. A father's heart,
Were all your thousands counted thousand fold,
Would fasten on its own.

Maharbal. What claims have you
On this unwonted favour?

Old Gaul. Hate of Rome
And wish to serve her foes allure me here.

Malcus. But whence this hate and wish?

Old Gaul. I am the sire
Of those she covered with accursed soil,²⁵
To make a mockery of the oracles.
I come to tell you where her armies lie.

Maharbal. Call hither Mago, this is something
strange.

Enter Mago. What news is this for which you stir
the camp?

Old Gaul. Do you not know me?

Mago. I have never seen
Your face; nor care to see what I suspect
Scarce honest.

Old Gaul. You may warn your general—
You doubt my word, but yet I charge you tell—
That rash Flaminius, the new consul, moves

Upon Arretium ; that the pass is free,
And, that without delay, your arms must march
Across the Apennines.

Mago. *Must march ! you say ?*

Old Gaul [*throwing off his disguise and revealing him-
self as Hannibal.*]

*Shall march ! I say so. Strike those fetters off :
But lay them on all such deceiving Gauls !*

SCENE VI.—THE SHORE OF LAKE THRASYMENE.

Early morning.

Enter Flaminius with the Roman Army and Officers.

Flaminius. Yonder Cortona's turrets : here the lake,
Swathed in white vapours : when the cloud has broke,
That cloaks our coming with a friendly veil,²⁶
We'll rout him e'er he form.

Gracchus. *We grope our way*
Through wildering mists, that more mislead the eye
Than honest night. I pray you call a halt,
To sound the lurking dangers of the pass,

Whose crags jut forth like shrouded sentinels,
Before advancing blindfold.

Flaminius.

Still those fears,

That hang upon the skirts of enterprise ;
My confidence dispells them, like the breeze
Rising to wake the sleepy Thrasymene.
Speed is our genius, while those smouldering homes
Give wings to vengeance. Forward with the horse.
I follow on your traces, and, e'er noon,
Our van shall thunder on his startled rear.

*[Gracchus and Flavius advance rapidly with the
vanguard, which, turning from the lake, moves up
the defile.]*

Flaminius. See, on the topmost summits of the hills,
The dawn makes merry. 'Tis the sun of Rome !
On soldiers ! bravely now begins a morn
Shall be remembered : let no warning shout
Break on the silence, till we strike this foe
Who skulks before us.

*[A dense shower of stones and arrows suddenly fall from
the mist ; and the war cry of the Numidians is
heard.]*

Maharbal's voice.

Hannibal is here !

Cry Gaul, and Carthage, Italy, and Spain !

Crash stones, hurl javelins on usurping Rome.

[*The Gauls and Carthaginians break on the Roman flanks and shatter them.*]

Flaminius. Form, soldiers, form and, with entrenchant edge

Of shields invulnerable, brandished blades,

Beat back their onset. If the worst betide

We shall regain Arretium.

Atilius.

We are caged ;

The enemy have closed upon our rear.

Flaminius. Then let the first to flee be first to fall ;

Press for the pass in front.

Flavius [entering].

The pass is barred.

Six thousand of our van have hewn a path

Through the Afric squadrons, all the rest are hurled

Prone on the valley, where the river runs

More blood than water on this evil day.

Flaminius. Your steel has brightened many a field of gloom,

My comrades, ye who crushed the Insubres
And bore our standards through a score of fights,
Crumble the columns of craft that crouch in shades.

*[The mists clear off and the Carthaginian army descends
in mass upon the Romans.]*

Hannibal [on one side of the stage]. Drive down
upon them ; overwhelm them in the lake.
Alarm the echoes with our battle cry,
Carthage again, and ever victory !
Slay without ceasing—let the torrents rush,
Swollen with the burdens of the Roman dead.
The Gods⁷ of Tyre ordain the sacrifice. *[Exit fighting.]*

Flaminius [on the other side]. Who rides the coal-
black steed, in blaze of gold
And trappings like a girl, but in his eye
All Tartarus, and in his hand a power
That lays our warriors like a hurricane ?

Atilius. 'Tis Hannibal.

Flaminius. Let but our faulchions meet,
His ghost or mine shall mourn this holocaust.

Atilius. The Moors cling round us ; all the way is
blocked.

We scarce can see the sunlight for their shafts,
That like a second mist obscure the day.

Flaminius. Cleave through their ranks and strew
a royal road.

O'ercome despair's disease with health of hope.
At scorn of danger, danger shrinks aghast.
Stand round your eagles, triply pledged with me,
Worthy of Rome to conquer or to die. [*Exit fighting.*

Enter Hannibal and Officers.

Carthalo. The crags are toppling³⁸ and the tallest
pines

Nod on the mountain crest ; unearthly sounds
Mix with the din of arms.

Hannibal. 'Tis Melcareth
Chaunting to our dead heroes in their joy.
Where fights the consul ?

Maharbal. Fiercely on the right
He challenges our chieftains, burns in rage
That withers all approaches, so his might
Consumes his rashness.

Hannibal. If he fall, take heed
To guard the corse, and with due privilege

To grace his valour ; now, to clench the wreck,
Strike spurs in every steed, and catch their van. [*Exit.*

Enter Flaminius. Nor vows nor prayers avail, but
trust your swords.

Face them, like wolves that scare the circling hounds,
In some far ravine of the Apennines.

Lift up your hearts with me, and fling your lives
Gladly upon the shrine of reeking Mars,
To whom I dedicate my life, the best
Last offering to the unrelenting Gods.

Ducarius [a Gaulish horseman, riding up to Flaminius.
Flaminius, make a peace with all your Gods
For they have set your life upon my lance.

[*Spears him.*

So perish the despoiler, perish Rome !
Here I devote this carrion to the shades
Of my slain kindred.

[*The body of Flaminius is hurried off in the confusion,
which gradually subsides, and the Carthaginians,
with Hannibal, re-entering fill the stage.*

Hannibal. Let the valleys ring
With triumph and with terror, all is ours.

Here in the earth their swords have made their own
Bury our officers with solemn rites ;
And, while the tears of Carthage and of Spain
Mourn brave Zacantho, and brave Acron, dead
We keep their memories.

Sosilus. While their bodies rust
And grow incorporate with Italian soil,
Let the grey olives glisten, vineyards shed
The grape above their tombs ; let evening waves
Murmur their dirges in the waning light,
And morning suns of many centuries
Recall their glory. Here shall shepherds tell
To passing travellers, when we are dust,
How, by the shores of reedy Thrasymene,
We fought and conquered, while the earthquake shook
The walls of Rome.

Hannibal. Have ye yet found the corse
Of the slain consul ?

Mago. We have sought in vain.

Hannibal. They reck not where they lie who
bravely fall :
But ending so, he claims acknowledgment
From all stout hearts, in every land akin.

I war with living Rome not Romans dead.
Bring in the prisoners. [*A troop of captives led in.*
Addressing them. How your files are mixed,
Like checkerwork in black and white contrast.
How strayed you here, Italians, in the ranks
Of these your mortal enemies and mine?
Am I the first historian of your wrongs,
Which with one right, one vengeance make us one?
Etrurians, rifled of your heritage,
From Veii's grass-grown mound to Pisa's plain,
The tombs around your ruins call on you
To strike to win their walls. Campanian knights,
Whose sires were fooled by sham alliances,
When will ye cease to lean on perjured Rome?
Ye Latin leaguers, is her scornful sway
A soft exchange for equal liberty?
Ye men of Samnium, from your untamed hills,
The shade of murdered Pontius cries aloud,
He is twice slain by your inconstancy.
Tarentines, reeking from the massacre
Of half your fathers, are your Gods restored?
Bruttians, Lucanians, sons of Oscan kings,
Dragged in despite behind the consul's car,

•

I come to spoil your spoilers, in the name
Of strangled nations, to arouse once more
Your slumbering spirits, and to break your bonds.
Bind all the Roman tyrants with strong chains.
Loose the Italians, let them go as free
As when we conquer shall their cities be.

Alorcus. Maharbal's scouts announce Centenius
Caught on the march to Umbria ; all are slain,
Made captive or dispersed. Our ships have seized
The corn off Cosa.

Hannibal. Yet another plume
Nods on our helm, the North is won.

Mutines. What now ?
To storm Perusia ?

Hannibal. Let the Tuscans scale
The grim square battlements, that from the height
Frown on their treason ; relics of a time,
Ere Clusium or Alba dreamt of Rome.
We make for the Clitumnus, round whose banks
Roam Jove's white oxen, which on Ammon's shrine
Shall smoke for incense, while the grateful Gods
Call Carthage to assume the Capitol.
Thence to Spoleum, and more teeming fields.

To you who crossed the Alps with me, and starved
Through Gallic frosts, the meed of toil is due.
The hills are past, the weary winter o'er,
The battle won; rest waits by Adria's shore :
'Tis summer season in a summer land ;
Gather your spoils, let no man hold his hand.

SCENE VII.—THE FORUM AT ROME.

Spring, 216, B.C.

Gracchus meeting Lælius.

Gracchus. Welcome, and doubly with good news
from Spain.

Lælius. We keep our ground, and with the tribes
make way

North of Iberus. Abelox has lured
Saguntum's hostages from Bostar's grip.
Hasdrubal holds the South, whose name we dread
More than an army. But we thirst to learn
How Rome received Flaminius' overthrow.

Gracchus. It was a scene to make the dullest heart
Grow young with eagerness, then old with grief,
When Matho from the rostra told the tale

Of our disaster ; iron-visaged men
Wringing their hands, and women shrieking loud.
Some gnashed their teeth, some swooned, on some
despair

Sat like a cloud, some gibbering cursed the Gods,
More prayed and trembled, maids wept, matrons ran
Before the gates, and clamoured for their sons,
Whom, when they found, two, smitten down with joy,
Died on the instant : others tore their hair
And beat their breasts in raving, half the town
Went into weeds.

Lælius.

Was there no tumult raised

As after Trebia ?

Gracchus.

Lighter losses stir

Unruly passions, which so fierce a blow
Shamed into silence : all the tribes were dumb.
From morn till eve, the Senate held debate.
Fabius was made dictator, and with him
Minucius Rufus Master of the Horse.

Lælius. How did these pull together ? In the one
All firmness, in the other forwardness.

Gracchus. They clashed till strokes of fortune made
them close.

Lælius. But what of our unbid Phœnician guest ?

Gracchus. Straight after Thrasymene, the victor foiled
His fangs upon Spoletum, there at edge
He crossed the Nar, and, dashing o'er the hills,
Swept Daunia ; next, returning on his coils,
Moved into Samnium—then unrolled his length
Along Voltumnus, passed at Allifræ,
And revelled in the rich Falernian plain.

Lælius. Did no one check his course ?

Gracchus. Bid stand the sun
On his mid march, fling back the flowing tide,
Or stem Velinus in full cataract,
And then stop Hannibal ! Our armies, led
By wary Fabius, held the fastnesses.

Varro [*entering.*] I hear you bring us comfort o'er
the seas.

Lælius. Gracchus is doling out the latest news.

Varro. No more impartial version in all Rome
Than his, who, doubting both, or seeing more far,
Or caring naught for either, takes no side.

Lælius. Did Fabius trap Hannibal ?

Varro. He rose
In self-conceit on our catastrophe :

Till, on an autumn night, the valleys blazed
With moving fires, which twice a thousand kine
Bore on their horns. Our wise man kept his camp.
First morning heard the laughter of the foe,
Who slipped across the ridges, and came down,
By Sulmo, on his old Apulian haunts,
Reaping our crops at leisure. Fabius' boasts
Thus came to nothing.

Gracchus. But he stayed the rout
Of rash Minucius, whom your faction raised
To equal station with unequal skill.

Varro. Minucius was too simple, he had borne
The heat o' the day, and roused the other's sloth.

Gracchus. Fabius holds well that, while the towns
are ours,
The allies still secure, the garners full,
Hannibal starves and daily dwindles down.

Varro. We marshal thrice his force in open field.
Have we blunt swords, pale livers? For what end
Are three to one, unless the three prevail?

Gracchus. You raise the phantom of Flaminius' fall.

Varro. An everlasting text for dotard fears;
Ill rede of an ill lesson poorly learnt

From that cross-grained and obstinate old man,
A private prater, and in politics
A bigot of the kind that tore the State :
In war a driveller, whose pedantic brag
Is that while hiding he was never sought :
The sleeping sentinel, his soldiers named
Hannibal's lackey.

Gracchus. Casting bitter words
Will gain no victories.

Varro. He who never dares
Methinks is weakly bent on gaining them.

[*Passes to back of stage.*]

Gracchus. What diverse colours men are painted with
By diverse men. All Fabius' party hold
That he has saved the State. Minucius' fall,
Even with the people, for a little space,
Raised the Dictator.

Lælius. Does his credit last?

Gracchus. No credit lasts that does not thrust its
roots

In fresh successes. Largest promise wins.
Varro is safe for consul, which ensures
A speedy conflict.

Lælius.

Who consorts with him?

Gracchus. Æmilius Paullus, who the tribunes say
Plundered Illyria for his private purse,
But whom the Senate love.

Lælius.

Divided States

Must have divided rulers. May it prove
A common danger solders up our cracks.

[*Enter Minucius.*

Gracchus. See our crest-fallen Minucius of the
horse.

Pluck up your plumes, good Master; Varro swears
You bore the brunt of battle, and aroused
The lagging Fabius.

Minucius.

While you mouth at me

Carthage has seized on Cannæ and our stores :
Let Varro with his ninety thousand men
Wrench them from Hannibal !

Varro [*coming forward*]. Were mine the choice,
My first command to-morrow were to hoist
My battle-signal o'er the Aufidus.

Minucius. When Marcus Curtius leapt into the gulf
He leapt alone, but on your heels attend
Eight legions.

SCENE VIII.—HANNIBAL'S CAMP ON THE AUFIDUS.

Morning.

Carthalo, Malcus, and Sosilus.

Sosilus. The red flag flutters over Varro's tent,
Flapping defiance in the gale, that blows
Against the day o'er Adria : how it breaks
Lurid and fierce, with shafts that shoot the morn !
The ravens hover, clustering on the mounds
Of dull red earth, sepulchral. All portends
After this crimson dawn a crimson eve.

Malcus. Our last of eves, methinks. Retreat is
closed :

By streams and swamps, Canusium and the sea.
In front the Romans, thrice our numbers, wait
Their long-delayed revenge. I would I were
Back 'mong the Alps upon an elephant.

Carthalo. You guard the camp with us, and on the
rout

Hide in our canvas ! I have better hope.

Malcus. Mine lingers on the dullness of our foes.

Carthalo. Who bandy words, while we are sharpen-
ing blades.

Malcus. Those double offices and rapid shifts,
With their impatient envies serve our turn.
When two men yoke in warfare one's a fool.

Enter Magilus and Silanus.

Carthalo. How are the forces ranged, and in what
cheer?

Magilus. The Gauls and Spaniards, fringed with
Afric foot,
Line the Vergellius, fronting with a curve
The hostile infantry, and promising
A terrible embrace; on either wing,
Alorcus and Maharbal——

Sosilus. Hear that shout.

Silanus. They hail the General who is to-day
Ares in fulgent armour; Victory
Smiles on his brow, and triumphs in her seat.
Riding with him, along our serried lines,
I pointed to the plumage of the foe,
That waved like forests. Gisco bade him mark
Their wonderful array; on which our chief,
Giving light answer—"Tis more wonderful
That none of all their marshalled multitude

Wears the name Gisco "39—broke into a laugh
Loud, long, and thrilling; then his eye took fire—
Lightning and thunder rolling doom to Rome.
The sound ran down the ranks, with joyous breath
Blowing their trumpets, while, from Vultur's ridge,
A wind arose that whirled the stinging dust
Full in the face of the opposing files.

Magilus. Another shout;—keep watch; the charge
begins;

The hail-storm first of Balearic stones;
The skirmishers are scared. Now Varro bears
Hard upon our Numidians; now his foot,
Flung, like a tide of steel, upon the breach,
Hammers our centre—now it shakes—and now
'Tis driven in—hold fast! again they cheer,
And grind their shields together. Ah! the Gauls
Are wavering, tottering; they have given way—
The Iberians follow; by my father's soul,
I cannot stand here gazing. [*Rushes out.*

Malcus.

After heights

One must descend.

Carthalo. Stay! on the right, our horse
Shatters the Romans: an unwonted stir

Proclaims some signal blow : Æmilius falls
Prone from his steed : the cavalry dismount :
Some madness gives them bound into our hands.
The consul rallies : but, like wounded hawks,
They rise against a tempest. Valour's vain !
See where Alorcius like a whirlwind sweeps !
The Italians break in fragments, now they run.
Their armament is crushed into a square.
They halt ;—they stagger ;—they are wedged between
Mago and Hannibal, who rushing round
Tear them to pieces like the jaws of Death.
They bound in agonies of rage on bars
Not all their Gods could break ; they're dashed in spray
Against our scathless front. They seek retreat.
Aha ! Maharbal thunders on their rear.

Malcus. It is a victory.

Carthalo. It is a rout.

Silanus. No ; 'tis a massacre. They are closed in,
And fall in thousands, tumbling heap on heap
In undistinguished ruin.

Carthalo. See yon troop !

'Tis Varro fleeing with his fatal flag
And threescore horse to bear the news to Rome.

SCENE IX.—A PART OF THE FIELD OF CANNÆ.

*Maharbal, Mutines, and Alorcus, with Carthaginians
and Spaniards.*

Maharbal. They melt beneath the hewing of our
swords

Like snow beneath hot irons, mass on mass
Cumbering our course with carrion. Smite them down ;
Cheer havoc on, and let our snorting steeds
Trample their remnants in the soaking sod,
Till weariness of slaughter seek a pause.
Our sun is at its noontide. Field of fields !
Run with three Thrasymenes of Roman gore !

Mutines. Stand round, my archers, gird them with
your bows,
And stop the loops of flight with clouds of doom :
Glean their last sheaves. Where'er a Roman writhes,
Seek there your target, let your arrows rain :
Swell fast the hills of death, complete the close.

Alorcus. Bid pity pause, and ruthlessness in arms
Stalk through the plain ; make answer to their groans
With clash and clang of metal. On the right
Hannibal storms triumphant, mocks despair

With echoes of wild laughter, while his eye
Burns with the wrath of Sirius, and his frown
Freezes the foe as with Gorgonian cold.
Behind, before, on all sides, slay, slay, slay !

ANOTHER PART OF THE FIELD.

*The consul Æmilius, sitting wounded on a stone. Enter
C. Lentulus.*

Lentulus. Who lingers here, and at the doors of
death
Knocks, with a face so wan and war-bestained
'Tis hard to tell the features? Cruel Heavens !
'Tis he of all most guiltless of this woe.
Mount this my steed, and with what strength re-
mains
Seek a swift refuge. We have lost enough
Of the best blood of Rome.

Æmilius. Brave Lentulus,
Live for good days to come. Let Fabius know
I pressed his counsels but was overborne.
I leave my name to Rome, nor deem it well
To bind these bleeding exits of my life,

And snatch a moment, by another's blame,
For the poor praise of innocence of ill,
I had not force to fend. The time is brief,
Haste and away ; no prayers will make me move
From this last anchor of a stranded life.

Lentulus. Farewell, Æmilius. Miserable noon !
From out this bitter root, may later springs
Bring greener blossoms for the brows of Rome.

ANOTHER PART OF THE FIELD.

Evening.

Hannibal and Carthaginian Officers.

Mago. Scarce of their mighty host a twentieth left
Are straggling through the twilight : both their camps
And all their arms are ours, with plumes and gauds
Of Knights and Senators who, flushed at morn
As for a banquet, found a funeral eve.
The reckless Varro, with his battle breath
Cooled to a shiver, has escaped the field
By which his calmer colleague clung to die.

Hannibal. Search out Æmilius, that we grace his
faith

With worthy obsequies. Upon the morn
Take ship, and bear those trophies to announce
Cannæ to Carthage.

Maharbal.

Let us ride apace

On to the gates of Rome ; and, four days hence
We sup together in the Capitol.

Hannibal. That is a longer road ; the farther goal
Of many a siege and fight. Now sound recall,
Across the reeking mounds and gurgling stream,
Where we have set our brand upon the earth.
Nor Greece, nor Macedon, nor Morning land
Has looked on such a ruin. Through the years
That gloom and brighten no such fight shall be.
And while the careless skies, through rains and suns,
Shift o'er the shifting scenes of weal or woe,
The Aufidus shall redden with their dead :
The shouts of Carthage and the wail of Rome
Shall, circling round the hillocks and the shore,
Attend the shuddering ghosts that haunt the plain,
For ever named of blood, which we have made
A terror and a warning to the world.
Aye ! Carthage, for thy unrequited wrongs
And centuries of insult I have piled

An overwhelming balance of revenge.
Back to your tents and bathe your steeds in wine :
For well have horse and rider earned their meeds
Of honour and of rest upon a day
That has no rival in the scroll of time.

[Exeunt all but Hannibal.]

Shade of Hamilcar, I have kept my vow,
Few be my days or many, dark or fair,
In triumph or in trouble, far or near,
To be Rome's enemy : and by those stars
That glitter on our glory, I renew
My half-accomplished oath !

End of Act II.

ACT III.

Argument.

ACT III.

After Cannæ the Romans refuse to make peace. Mago sent to Carthage for reinforcements is coldly received. Capua opens her gates to Hannibal. He escapes assassination: fixes his camp on Mount Tifata, receives offers of alliance from Syracuse and Macedon. Rome is described to him by the daughter of a Roman consul. Sacrificing on the shore of Avernus, he is addressed by ambassadors from Tarentum. He leaves for Apulia. The revels of Salapia are interrupted by a call to arms. Capua pressed in siege by the Romans is relieved by Hannibal.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—THE ROMAN SENATE.

*Fabius, Manlius, Gracchus, Marcellus, Senators, and
Varro.*

Varro. I lay a shattered life into your hands ;
For he, whose madness ruins, adds disgrace
By shirking shamefastness. Before your eyes
I come, to bear the brunt of all that woe,
The wretched author of Rome's darkest day,
Drenched with her richest blood.

Fabius. A Roman part
And pledge of manhood.

Varro. For myself I crave
Nothing, but all for Rome ; in her my faith,
Nor pales, nor falters.

Manlius. Now, the blow has struck
Through the word-varnish and on iron rings.

Varro, we take your hand, and, in this hour
Of anguish, tender you the thanks of Rome
That you despair not of the Commonweal.

Varro. Henceforward reckon me the least of Rome.

Gracchus [*entering*]. A message from the foe.

Enter Carthalo with Ten Roman Captives.

Carthalo. From Hannibal
I come, to speak for these ten prisoners, culled
From equal thousands captured in your camp,
To plead for ransom. If ye proffer peace
He does not press the fight, but to avenge
Carthage and re-assert her majesty.

Marcellus. Who prates of peace, while the invader's
hoof
Profanes our sacred soil?

Gracchus. The tribes cry out
It were but massacre to wage the war
With the poor relics of so fell a stroke ;
And clamour for conditions.

Marcellus. We defy
The gathered clamours of an angry world.
Here argument is free ; but turbulence,

Riot, or threats of faction, when they pass
■ The laughing point, bid every sword to flash
From every sheath of every reasoning man
To smite them into silence. Who are we
To yield an inch of our determined way,
Or to betray our trust for childish cries?

Carthalo. Are ye not tired of war? let pity sway
To buy these back. Three minæ for each man
Restore them to the tears of wife and home;
And, if your headstrong stubbornness endure
More slaughters, let them fill the gaps that bleed
In your diminished ranks.

Gracchus. In rueful case,
Their doleful countenances urge his plea.

Carthalo. Aye, saw ye but the rout of squalid
forms,
That, sick with longing, wait upon your will;
Or heard ye but the clanking of their chains,
That find an echo in yon wailing crowd,
And make appeal against your ruthlessness!

Manlius [*after consulting with other Senators.*]
Hie back and leave our bounds before the night,
Bearing this message, that we lack not hearts

Of bolder courage : better choice had been
For these ten thousand to have fallen in fight,
Than, by this vile example, make assault
Upon our treasury. Willing slaves must wear
Their self-forged fetters. When we ransom these,
Then bid us sell to Hannibal the men
Who hewed a Roman road from out the camp,
And brought us back their undishonoured names.
Go, tell your chief, who brings " conditions " here,
While yet a foot of Italy is fouled
By his insulting arms, shall die the death
These cravens merit. Have you ever chanced,
In your so vaunted passage o'er the hills,
To mark a snow-drift rolled upon a rock ?
There for a season lies its great white pride,
But, after summer suns dispel the snow,
The rock remains. You cannot conquer Rome ;—
For Thrasymane and Cannæ leave untouched
The nerve and sinews of the Latin Name ;—
Adversity but warms her mighty heart
To stronger throws ; and, ere a stone is stirred
On her unshaken wall, the hour will come
Not one shall stand in Carthage.

Carthalo. I make haste,
Lest blustering more, you split yourself with sound.

[Exeunt Carthalo and prisoners.]

Fabius. Conduct them through the throng; then
close the gates,
So keep our front unbroken. Arm the slaves,
Release the debtors, and proclaim aloud
Pardon to all offenders who elect
To swell our legions and maintain the State.
Then clear the Forum, that no babbler wake
The fear that slumbers in a crouching heart.

SCENE II.—THE CARTHAGINIAN SENATE.

Hanno, Bomilcar, Himilco, and Senators.

Enter Mago with ambassadors from Hannibal.

Mago. Hail Senators of Carthage. Let your ears
Tingle with triumph. Hannibal has swept
Unchecked o'er Italy, and slain in fight
A hundred thousand of the foe. Our power
Holds fast Rome's rival, stately Capua's walls.

Let these attest the charm that flung her gates
Wide open.

[*Pours forth three bushels of rings.*³⁰

One for every Roman knight
Who bit the earth on Cannæ's lurid day.
But he, to whom we owe this glory, wars
On foreign soil, and daily suffers loss
Which it is yours by ample store to mend.

Himilco. Would Hanno still that we had rendered up
Our leader with our honour to this foe?
But hear our Roman Carthaginian speak!

Hanno. I had not jarred upon your jubilance;
But, when Himilco in so gracious style
Forces my mind, my silence were too proud
Or somewhat servile. I shall mourn the war,
Till prosperous peace has proven those triumphs good.
But, while he sues for all that in defeat
The vanquished craves, where is the victor's gain?
With camps and armies mastered, his right hand
Laid on the hostile heart, his force entrenched
Impregnable in Italy, he lies
Stranded. How can consist this call for aid
With these exultant rumours? Since 'twas fought

At Cannæ to the ruin of Rome's cause,
Have any allies of the Latin Name,
Or one of all the five-and-thirty tribes,
Transferred allegiance, passed to Hannibal?

Mago. These, the last ramparts of Rome's stubborn
power,
Wait yet another blow.

Hanno. What spirit keep
The Romans round those ramparts, do they sue
For fair conditions in their embassies?

Mago. The people's wish, still stifled by their pride
And by the Senate's insolence o'erborne,
Yet lacks an utterance. There's no embassy.

Hanno. Then have we war, as when we crossed
the Alps;
Affronting peril, as when in earlier years
We wagered Sicily, and lost the isle
For one too froward faction. Now we win
Mere tinsel triumphs; if reverse befall
Our loss is greater. Then my time will come
To proffer counsel; now I only urge
To send no aid to him who needs it not,
Or if he needs, to call this conqueror home.

Himilco. Let it be Hanno's boast that he remains
Firm to his purpose, wavers not nor turns
With patriotic tides, but keeps his path.
He bids us shame our leaders, starve our hopes
Of bearing onward to a brilliant close
Those great beginnings. On this hour depends
The future of our city and of Rome ;
Whether to us the lordship of the seas
Be made secure, or we betray the chance
The Gods have offered through Hamilcar's son.
To whom my vote is we forthwith proclaim,
A levy of all ranks of men at arms ;
So straining every nerve, in this great strife,
And striking hard together, crush the foe.

Bomilcar. Mine is the middle course, that seldom
wins

Applause on either edge, but failing there
Steers between rocks the vessel of the State.
Himilco's sire, in less impetuous days,
Preferred safe passages to crowding all
Our sail on violent ventures ; let us grant
Enough of aid to fire our warriors' zeal ;
Yet leave our powers uncramped for industries,

And fruitful interchange by land and sea.

A thousand talents, thirty thousand troops ;

But, in respect of our Iberian mines,

In equal shares to Italy and Spain.

Senators. Wisdom is anchored still betwixt extremes,
And prudent counsel keeps the golden mean.

Mago. 'Tis not to hearts like these that Rome will
bow.

SCENE III.—THE HOUSE OF PACUVIUS CALAVIUS AT
CAPUA, B.C. 216.

*Fulvia and Calavia. Afterwards Jubellius Taurea,
and Calavius.*

Calavia. You do not grasp the offer of your friends
To lead you thence.

Fulvia. It might mischance. By sea,
The Carthaginian rovers haunt the coast.
If o'er the hills, there's risk from robber bands.

Calavia. Has Fulvia grown so fearful? She who
tamed
Our wildest steeds, and in the chase outstripped,
Like Atalanta, half our keenest hunt ?

Who, when we sat together in the cirque,
And while I shrieked and shuddered, rose to watch
The gladiators' strokes, in fierce delight
Cheered on the men and clapped her hands at death !
Fear's not your chain : I trust 'tis love of me.

Fulvia. Trust and be sure that fetters of the heart
Bind more than barriers hinder : it were hard
To unclasp those links that many summers wove.
Our mothers were old playmates, in old days,
Learnt the same lessons, followed the same paths
By tawny Tiber or by Anio's stream,
Scaled the same Alban, or green Sabine hills,
Had the same day-dreams ; and on festivals
Together watched our eagles and our cars
Wind up the sacred way. When Claudia wed
Your sire Pacuvius, Fulvia oftentimes came
To Capua, and our natal hours were cast
So near we grew like twins.

Calavia. So we were knit
In friendship and alliance like our towns
That now being sundered——

Fulvia. Shall not sunder us.
Whene'er I go, I go not like a thief

Nor as a child that's summoned back to school,
But freely and with pledges to return.

Calavia. If you make peace where Fulvius wages
war

You risk his Roman wrath.

Fulvia. I have no care

To wait upon his will.

Calavia. Are you not bound
To honour his decree who gave you life ?

Fulvia. A life that mocks the name ! From day
to day

The same dull round of duties ; to what end
But to tread smoother the same iron path
For daughters as unhappy, doomed to pay
Like tax to sires as rigid ? He beats down
The merest flutter of the wings, keeps watch
Even on my dreams of brighter worlds beyond
His grey horizon ; but upon command
I may not run abroad, or laugh or weep,
Or fear or hate.

Calavia. Or even dare to love ?

Fulvia. Love will not come for asking ; 'tis the
gleam

Of answering gladness in the wave that leaps
To meet the morning glow,—the bloom of flowers
Beneath the kisses of the sun and dew—
A dream of beauty scattering delight—
The song of Gods to greet a new-born star.
Love is the echo of a voice that loves,
The touch of hands long hovering—the crown,
The goal, the prize, the melody of life.

Calavia. The voice will call you forth, the hand
will touch,

Yet boast not your dominion, you but change
Your servitude. But hark ! he comes who “ binds
More than all barriers hinder.”

Fulvia.

Prithee hush !

It is your Taurea with Calavius, come
To tell us of the triumph.

Enter Taurea and Calavius,

Taurea.

Capua's walls

Glisten with garlands, and her altars smoke
With fragrances, as if Campania's heart
Exhaled in joys of freedom.

Fulvia.

Did you note

How Hannibal received it ?

Calavius. With the grace
Of one, who, coming with a gift, takes thanks
As if he were the favoured. He spake much
Of our ancestral glories, and the time
When, these victorious allies taking leave
For Carthage and our isles, our star shall shine
Dilating to the sun of Italy.

Calavia. More of the triumph !

Taurea. Through the shouting streets
With laurels strewn, the Punic splendour³¹ passed ;
All hues and shapes of men and horse attired
In various blazonries—a rainbow thrown
Into a moving mass. The General's guard
Flowed like a stream of gold through ranks of steel ;
He, girt by armour-bearers, from his eye
Flung round a lustre making pale the gems
That glittered on his casque : through all benign,
He seeming omnipresent as the sun,
Flattered each several Capuan with a smile.

Fulvia. Say, does he tarry long ?

Taurea. He told his hosts—
Pacullus, Stenius, Celeres, Minios,—
That, after roaming wide o'er lands and seas,

He found no site but Carthage in the world
To rival Capua's.

Calavius.

May he winter here.

Riches and glory gather about courts.
He comes to-night to banquet, the fit close
Of a rejoicing day. Will Fulvia deign
To shine upon our board ?

Fulvia.

If you can trust

A Roman's faith, I'll pledge to both our towns.

[*Exit.*

Taurea. She's like a stream of sunshine on a
bank

All passionate with roses, breathing forth
Benumbing odours.

Calavia.

Spare your praise for me,

Your fickleness were wasted in that quest.

Calavius. She makes a golden tumult in the house,
Like morning on the hills ; but vex or cross
Her fancies, and the Roman blood leaps up
In obstinate petulance.

Calavia.

She is a plant

Mischanced on alien soil, but here re-set,
Finding in our delights her natural home.

I run to call our maids, and haste to fetch
Armies of cooks for all those savages.

[*Exit.*

Calavius. What of Perolla? The foolhardy boy!
Would we could lure him back from Decius' side,
That ill-conditioned raven, born to croak
Over good fortune, and affront our hopes
Of raising Capua on the wreck of Rome.

Taurea. I shall essay to win our Chief's assent
That he may share our feast. But have a care,
'Tis jealous rage that plays the patriot,
For the bright eyes of her before whose feet
Half Capua's knights would kneel have fired his
blood.

SCENE IV.—THE GARDEN OF THE HOUSE OF
CALAVIUS.

Calavius and Perolla his son.

*Perolla.*³² How came it I was bidden to the feast,
Where those fond revellers and satellites
Make mockery of their ruin o'er their cups?

Calavius. Jubellius Taurea, dear to Hannibal,

By fervent intercessions clenched my own,
And won you back to favour, in the trust
That your contrite good-will would make amends
For recent contumely and hanging on
The skirts of Decius, whose unmeaning brawls
Are Capua's sole reproach in this glad hour.

Perolla. Ye talk of trust, who hold your faiths as
loose

As our light loves their kisses. Mine, more firm,
Nor threat nor dalliance alters, calls you here
To impart a great design.

Calavius. What wild-fire still
Riots in your hot veins? The Punic chief
Came hither on our call; he has subscribed
And kept our treaties, left our laws intact,
Exacting neither service nor respects,
Save such as order claims. So knit in league
We move with common purpose. Whereon comes
This malcontent, and with a venal mouth
Struts up and down the city, bids us bar
The gates on our deliverers, then by stealth
Incites to treason till he runs on doom.

Perolla. We have, by double treason, sold ourselves

To double slavery ; first the foreign yoke,
And then Rome's vengeance never long delayed,
From both which ills my hand now holds release.

[Shows a dagger concealed beneath his robe.

This shall bring pardon for our rash revolt
And overbrimming recompense. The blood
Of Italy's spoiler shall make fast again
Our broken treaties.

Calavius.

What enormity

Is hatched by poisonous counsels in your brain ?
I conjure you, by all the bonds that bind
Children to parents, by our city's gods,
And by our table's hospitable laws,
You waive your purpose, of such infamy
As, yet unheard, would make our house accursed.

Perolla. 'Tis so, even now, by entertaining
these.

Calavius. Whose hands you held, whose healths
you pledged with me,
Called to the banquet with a chosen few,
By courtesy of him whose life you seek.

Perolla. So grins the wolf upon his future prey.

[He throws away the dagger and returns with Calavius to the banquet. After a pause, with music, enter Taurea and Virrius from the house,

Taurea. We've feasted late, and soon the morn
will break,
To bid us, after jest and jollity,
Put on our helms of earnest.

Virrius. Such a night
Is due to days of warfare. Life would crack
Laid on a constant strain. Who thought that he
So terrible could make such merriment ?

Taurea. Unlike those stolid Romans, whose grim
gait
Seems ever on parade and keeping guard
Against offence to frigid dignities,
He beats them with all arms, then casts his mail
And throws a southern summer round the board.

Virrius. Severe and stern their glory ; other his
Who, greater than their greatest, makes his way,
Like the sun marching through the sky, a power
Without an effort, throwing heats and lights
Through changeful weathers, set in sovereign calm.

Taurea. He comes by so much nearer to the
Gods,
A Mars in battle, then a Mercury
Stealing men's hearts with flow of liquid talk.

Virrius. Unless the good wine tampered with my sight,

Fulvia played Venus at our banqueting.
She is no Vestal, your Calavia's guest,
But seeks a royal prize, she's like to win,
If eyes that glow, as mist-encircled stars,
With languid lustres, and half-open lips
Like rose-leaves blown asunder by soft airs,
Or sudden flush of cheek and throat avail.
A separate danger lurks in every curve
And feature of her beauty, of a kind
That makes men weak to dream on, more to taste.

Taurea. Like our Campanian air, which in its heats
Melts down our martial mood. So Hannibal,
After brief sojourn here, will fix his camp
Upon the cooler ridges of the hills.

SCENE V.—HOUSE OF CALAVIUS AT CAPUA.

Hannibal. Afterwards Calavia and Fulvia.

Hannibal. Can I love aught that's Roman? I,
who made
A boast of hardihood, and shut my eyes

To all that lured me from my single chase,
Am trammelled in this treason of the sense,
That trips us unawares, and throws a check
On tides of triumph. Am I false to thee,
Imilce, my first chosen and my last,
If, in the stress of warfare far away,
I take a warrior's license³³ to beguile
An hour of sunshine? So thy message runs,
"Let not thy heart sway from me." There thou
hold'st
An undivided empire, anchored deep
Beneath the sport of waves.

Enter Calavia and Fulvia.

How pass the hours
With our fair guest?
Calavia. In naught but tears and groans :
She cries for home and then she raves at you
Her enemy.
Hannibal. It is a bitter word
To come from sweetness.
Fulvia. 'Twas no word of mine,
Nor are my hours so sad.

Calavia. On your approach
She dries her eyes and conjures up a smile,
To find more favour with the courtesy
On which she makes demand : the consul waits
Her presence at Teanum ; through your ranks,
A faithful slave has brought his summons here.

Hannibal. She has her liberty, while I have
mine.

Calavia. I leave you to compare your liberties !

[*Exit Calavia.*

Hannibal. Art thou set wholly Romeward, thou
shalt go.
But tell me of your City, ere we part,
If part we must. Recite it, hill by hill,
So earn thy ransom.

Fulvia. Should I speak of Rome
It were to tempt you thither, and so add
Fuel to fires that chafe at my delay.

Hannibal. One lure is lacking while thou lingerest
here.
But speak, I listen.

Fulvia. To the Romans Rome

Is half the world, on which her hills are set,
Each with a several light, the diadem.
Am I your guide?

Hannibal. Aye. We are standing thus,
So clasping hands together, by the hut
Of Romulus upon the Palatine.

Fulvia. The cradle of our glories and their crown ;
The seat of Victory and Vesta's fires ;
Where hymn the Salians with their mystic shields.
Here the Penates and our eldest Gods
Have their perennial haunt ; here glooms the grove
That Pan made vocal.

Hannibal. If Arcadian tales
Be true, it was twice planted, like our Tyre.

Fulvia. Northward, the Capitol, whose double
 crests,—
The inviolate Citadel and the House of Jove,—
Gleam to the morning clouds, with answering gold :
While huge in Samnite³⁴ armour looms the God.
There warning Juno overhangs the steep
Tarpeia named of old—the traitor's doom.
And there the halls of Concord ; while, beyond,
The Tiber winds around the plain of Mars.

Hannibal. Your legions' muster ground ; where
throng the tribes
To make their wise elections.

Fulvia. 'Neath our hill,
Behold the temples of the Sacred Way
Slope to the Forum, where the Senate sits
'Mid shrines and palaces. These rushes grow
Where stood the Curtian lake. The Mamertine
Frowns near the stairs of triumph. There the knights
Salute the porch of Castor on the Ides.

Hannibal. Madness of Greece, to lend her Gods
to Rome !

Fulvia. O'er Tarquin's cirque the woods of Aven-
tine
Wave round Evander's altar, and the tomb
Of ancient Tatius. There Diana dwells.
Ceres, Vortumnus, Veian Juno's pride,
And sage Minerva, hard by Remus' rock.

Hannibal. Now let us leap the ramparts.

Fulvia. Whither wend ?
To grim Præneste, green Lucretilis,
Or from the twilight crags of Tibur watch
The silver sea beyond the dim blue land :

Or mark the arches of the Appian road,
Ripple through graves toward Alba ?

Hannibal.

Lead the way

To thy most frequent haunt, for I would fain
My fancy wandered where thy steps have been.

Fulvia. We pass the dripping³⁵ gate, and steal
aside

O'er grassy hillocks, by the Muses' fane,
Then dip into the vale : a mossy grot,
Where Almo's rivulet flows through ilices,
Invites us with cool shelter and sweet sounds
Of trickling waters and of summer birds ;
It is Egeria's fountain, where the breeze
Whispers the solitary dream of peace
In all our noisy annals. Oft-times here
Have I played truant at forbidden hours,
While sunshine lingered loath to leave the scene,
And, gathering roses, wreathed them for the brows
Of some descending God.

Hannibal.

And if he came,

As Mars to Sylvia, with the clang of arms
Wouldst thou receive him ?

Fulvia.

If he loved me well.

Hannibal. Fulvia, what calls thee back? Thou
hast no love

In all that marble Rome.

Fulvia. My father calls.

Hannibal. Had'st thou known mine! The splendours thou hast told

Would pale beside the throne of all the seas,
My Carthage: but her glory was his name,
Who made me all I am, and in whose light,
As faces looking toward the west at eve
Glow with a radiance not their own, all men
Were lifted to the height of higher thoughts.
But Fulvius has no spell to hold thy heart.

Fulvia. Thou hast divined aright. My mother died
And left me orphaned, all the gentleness
Fled from the prison of my dreary home.
I never loved my father, for his smile
Is rare as warmth in winter, and I long
For ever shining summers and soft air.

Hannibal. Bright bird that beat'st against thy cage,
be free!

'Tis mine to ope the bars: and yet, 'tis strange
That thou shouldst claim deliverance from the foe

Hereditary and sworn of all thy race.
That loveliness is deadly makes me bate
An inch of enmity. These hands are red
With blood of half thy kindred, and shall be
Yet deeper dyed. Dost thou elect to go
Or stay to clasp them? I have said thou'rt free.

Fulvia. Ingrate, thou dost not love, and wilt not
shield,

Nor even aid me to betray myself.

Then I must go.

Hannibal. Thou shalt not, thou art mine !

SCENE VI.—HANNIBAL'S CAMP ON MOUNT TIFATA.

Sosilus and Silanus: afterwards Hannibal and Officers.

Sosilus. The last star melts where Inarime's³⁶ ridge
Shines like Cythera from Laconian shores.

Silanus. This were the land for poets, if men's
blood

Ran not in sterner courses. 'Tis for us,
Loungers, perchance historians, of the camp,
To watch the skies, and muse the hours away.

But Rome and Carthage, wrestling for the world,
Reck not of sun and moonlight.

Sosilus. Would no charm
Of more seductive potency beguiled
Our warriors' fancy, nor prevailed too far
To unbrace their sinews and subdue their fires.

Silanus. I know not. Like a cataract we came
Over the Alps and all the arms of Rome ;
And now our flood delays on broader fields,
Impatience lays the blame to luxury.
But, while we wait renewal of our strength,
And keep our hold on Capua, 'tis more like
We shall arouse the long Campanian sloth
To nobler life, than that make us decay.

Sosilus. So may it prove, but in the trial there's risk.

How had Odysseus fared had he essayed
To rouse the Sirens to a nobler life?

Silanus. A Stoic parable ! Whose lance in rest
Strikes keenest, and whose steed the swiftest runs,
Whose eye most lightens whose voice leads the
fray ?

The first in battle to the fairest clings :

And Heraclitus' opposition holds ;
'Tis the same force that shifts from war to love.

Sosilus. Does our chief deem it so?

Silanus. Ere I reply

He comes, and frowning.

Enter Hannibal and Officers.

Hannibal. Fires of Erebus

Consume the cravens ! ³⁷ 'Tis the shame that hurts,
And foul contagion of rent fealty.

'Tis the first rift, first footfall of reproach.

Who were the men ?

Maharbal. Some hundred raw poltroons,
Hanno's selection, who scarce knew our names,
And, chancing on this check at Nola, passed
To swell the summer side.

Hannibal. 'Tis well for us ;
But ill for them who, with such niggard hands,
Sent such a scantling of untempered steel
In front of Rome and Carthage. Their half-aid
Heartily taken may grow whole, while we
Inspire this lacking levy with ourselves.
It is for children to bemoan their want ;

For men to take what comes, from friend or
foe,

And make it serve them, as the seasons serve
Through all their changes all the Gods decree.

Gisco. Now they decree reverses ; for our arms
Are broken on the Iberus ; and, midway
Between the points of empire, Manlius
Fetters Sardinia to the iron yoke.

Maharbal. Would we had struck them faster in the
crash
That came on Cannæ !

Hannibal. Who dares question me ?
Your stroke had missed, and maimed us. We must
sear,

And crush the Hydra by more patient coils.
Rome is not brick and mortar, walls and towers,
But Latium pulsing still through Italy.
We'll bind her arteries, by straitening siege,
And, chilling like a palsy in her veins,
Await the crowning frost of Hasdrubal.
Though this unhappy check delays the end
He will retrieve it. Trust me. I trust him.

Alorcus. The ambassadors crave audience.

Hannibal.

Call the Camp.

Enter Ambassadors and Soldiers.

Welcome from Sicily, whate'er you bring.

Ambassador. News strange and varied. Upon

Hiero's death,

Hieronimus' succession broke the crust

Of a volcano which now burns the land.

The boy, grown restless under Roman sway,

Turned Syracuse to Carthage, on our terms ;

Then rushed on his own ruin through our gain ;

For treason caught him in the narrow street

Of Leontini, and the assassin's steel,

Hilted with Roman gold. His uncle held

Ortygia for our service, till the whirl

Of furious faction bore him also down.

Then slaughter reigned with madness, till the isle

Fell into jarring fragments ; out of which

Hippocrates' and Epicydes' skill

Is building an alliance.

Hannibal.

Which now stands ?

Ambassador. In Leontini foremost, whence they

wait

Recall as captains general. Day by day,
Despite their ships, the Romans wane, we grow.

Hannibal. Now were the hour to swell Himilco's
fleet

With that despatch wherein so Carthage fails
That I can spare no force. Go tell the Greeks
I bid them but be free, and so good speed !
Admit the Macedonians.

Enter Ambassadors of King Philip.

In the name
Of your great king the guardian of the East,
As I would ward the West, against one foe,
I hail your coming, looked for long, but now
Most apt to strike the rivets of our league.

Ambassador. Great Alexander's heir to Hannibal
Sends greeting ; and, to crown their common cause,
He proffers an alliance, that they war
On Rome in concert, each being sworn to each,
By interchange of allies, and debarred
From making peace or holding terms apart.

Hannibal. Rome triumphs by the severing of friends,
And, weaving webs of craft across the world,

Trading on jealousies, mistrusts, delays,
Mines underground, and rends piecemeal the powers
She fears to challenge, when their front is firm.
Soldiers your oath !

[*Dictating the form.*

“ Before the eyes of Jove,³⁸

Of Juno and Apollo, of the gods
That keep a watch on Carthage,—Hercules,
And Iolaus ; before Triton, Mars,
And Neptune, and the all protecting Powers
Of sun and moon, earth, rivers, fields, and seas,
By all the Gods of Macedon and Greece,
Warders of war, and Rulers of the stars :
We, Hannibal and his confederate force,
Seal with the king this treaty.”

[*To the ambassadors.*

Urge thereon

Whoe'er strikes first strikes best ; with balanced scales,
Who adds a grain is umpire of the close.
Let him be swift to quell the Ætolian brawl,
The ferment of these brewers of all ill ;
Then, hurtling like a storm down Adria,
Sweep off the ships that flout the Grecian shores.

'Tis mine to find his fleet fair anchorage ;
But let the first word and the last be speed.

[*Exeunt ambassadors.*

We steer our bark across a stream in flood,
Where Chance is rolled with Foresight. Macedon
And Carthage well conjoined, our prows would run
With the Cabeiri³⁹ to the Aventine :
But Philip falters, starting in his sleep
Cries "Alexander," and then snores again.
While Rome grows round us as from dragon's teeth.

Silanus. So the clouds gather on Tifata's crest,
Now that the breezes fail.

Sosilus. The hostile ranks,
Like swarms of summer flies, return to plague
The orchard and our ears.

Silanus. 'Tis Capuan fruit
Allures them hither. Fabius the drone
Buzzes in front ; when we'd transfix him there
He circles round.

Hannibal. Prepare to march at morn.

Alorcus. Whither ?

Hannibal. Once more toward Cumæ and the sea.

SCENE VII.—THE SOUTH SHORE OF AVERNUS.

Hannibal with a detachment of his army.

Silanus. Buried in boskage, here Avernus glooms,
Between the gleaming of the seas that roll
From Cumæ, eldest scion of the Greeks,
Around Lucrinus, by the laughing isles ;
Like tides of life about a sepulchre.
It is the lake of grief, and wears its weeds
As mourning: ghastly sulphurs haunt the marge
Of its perpetual night.

Mutines. Are these the ghosts
Of Cannæ, lingering near the infernal doors ?

Malcus. With an unwholesome savour, kept so long
On this side Styx, while Charon, overwrought
With Roman boatfuls, haggles for his fee :
So many have forgot their obolus.

Alorcus. Mar not the scene with ill-conditioned jests,
Here reverence is due and sacrifice.

Malcus. Even to the gods of Rome ! here Decius
knelt,
Ere in the field he fell to self-conceit
A self-devoted victim.

Mutines.

If we pray

To Roman gods 'twill be to pardon much
That we have done, and more we mean to do.
As thus—"Good Ceres, frown not that thy fields
Are shorn by fiery sickles when we move ;
Bacchus forgive your vines so rudely pressed ;
Hymen your torches from the altar torn ;
Pales the leagues of blazing cottages ;
Juno Matrona for the widow's tears :
Chaste Vesta "—

Malcus. Has no ear for Mutines.

Hannibal. The Gods are not of Rome or Italy :

They dwell in earth's abyss or with the stars,
Their shrines are where we bring heroic hearts :
Yet there are spots which to the minds of men
Seem set apart for converse with the Gods.
On temples by the sea our fancy roams
To Hercules the Roamer : on high hills
Astarte pours her radiance : Tanais bends
Her bow in tempests, and the thunder hails
Chrysaor's sword-flash. On this sultry marge
Of nether night and Hades, let us bow
Before the Powers of Silence, Death and Dreams ;

Of that chaotic¹¹ Air that, o'er the deep
Long brooding, brought forth lightnings in the sky ;
And of the Fires pent up, ere Æon rose,
Parent of all our world, nor first nor last.

Silanus. The lake is thronged with legions of old days.
Long ere the robbers fenced the Palatine,
Here monarchs came to worship. By this shore
The first Sicanians knelt, ere Hercules
Came in the dawn of time. The Lucumoes
Brought here their dismal rites, and here, 'tis told,
After long tossing, sage Æneas found
A path to meet the wrecks of buried Troy
Flitting like shadows. Here to elder Greeks
The famed Cumæan Sibyl taught her spells,
Ere Numa's loves began the Roman law.
Behold her grotto, where the ivy hangs
Shrouding the entrance ; from the font within
Clear water gurgles through the sacred veil.

Mutines sings—

'Tis somewhere sung, when the Sibyl was young,
On the eve of a day, in the flush of May,
She smiled on a Greek, and taught her spells
To the freshest of men by the greenest of wells.

'Twas afterwards told, when the Sibyl was old,
A century later in winter cold,
She lured a Roman who liked not her look
To barter the treasure of kings for her book.

Oh say, I pray, who's the Sibyl to-day ?
Is the Prince young or old, is the lass shy or bold ?
Let Capua's Fates but open her gates
And the scroll with its secret will soon be unrolled.

[*Looking into the cave.*] Ho Sibyl ! Sibyl !

Hannibal.

Prithee hush ! for here

We shall set up our altar, to the shades
Of both the nations ; that the Gods may grant
Their favour to the side where Justice dwells.

[*The Altar is set up. As Hannibal is sacrificing, the
soldiers kneeling around, five Ambassadors enter.*

Hannibal. Who break unceremonious on our rites ?

Alorcus. The Tarentines.⁴⁰

Ambassador.

We passed, with danger here,

And bring no doubtful news. Tarentum calls

On you her wooers, no unworthy bride ;

Chief harbour, richest mart of Italy.

Whither Philanthus, in Laconia's prime,

Brought the first Spartan exiles : whither sailed

Arion with his music o'er the main.
The port of Epirote and Grecian kings ;
The haunt of old Pythagorean lore.
The same soft breezes blow around her towers,
The same soil teems about her terraces,—
Flowing with wines of Aulon, fruits and oil,—
The same wool thickens on her hundred hills,
As fleet the coursers on her emerald meads,
Her seas are purple with as deep a dye,
As when, in earlier days of far renown,
Queen of the southern shores she held the ships
Of Rome beyond Lacinia, or displayed
The phalanx of white shields at Asculum.⁴⁰
Nor is the spirit of our warriors dead,
Beneath their bonds ; the City, with her capes
Stretching like arms to Carthage, calls on you
To set her free.

Hannibal.

Do all accord in this,

Or are there divers counsels ?

Ambassador.

There's no State,

Yet undelivered from the yoke, where Rome
Has not her noisy hirelings,—oligarchs,
Paid soldiery, beggars, spies, and they whose hope

Is set, by instinct, 'gainst the people's weal.
Let but your standard signal to our walls,
And these oppressors of the land, astride
On our reluctant necks with spurs of steel,
The City's heart will with a bound throw off ;
Our desecrated shrines resume their Gods,
The gates fly open and the town be yours.

Hannibal. Say rather ours. If friendly offices—
The pledge of common interest, single aims—
Can touch the heart of nations, we of Tyre³⁷
And you of Greece forgetting ancient feuds
Should count as one, in war that clears the sky
For years of peace. Expect me ere the moon
Has twice enlarged her horns. [*Exeunt Ambassadors.*

Would Philip's fleet
Came to keep courage in those Tarentines !

SCENE VIII.—THE HOUSE OF CALAVIUS AT CAPUA.

Calavia and Fulvia.

Calavia. Nay, fix your fate, 'tis free.

Fulvia. If hearts enslaved,
Yet torn two ways, a spark of freedom hold !

Calavia. Inconstant girl, fresh arguments of love
Come from Avernus where he named you Queen
And Sibyl. Home-sick, at the foe's assault,
Your brow has gathered clouds, and rain——

Fulvia.

Alas !

That foe is Rome and I am Roman born.

Calavia. Your weakness wavers 'tween two messages ;
The last recall to penitential life,
And fatherly forgiveness forced by tears,
The summons from your lord and Italy's
To share his chances, perils, triumphs, joys ;
Follow the first, on Roman festivals
Obedient daughters will extol your name,
Though lovers chide.

Fulvia.

The pastime of light minds
Is mocking others' grief. The die is cast :
But mariners, driven forth or lured to seek
Far ventures, when the first surge laps the prow,
Look on the shore, whose memories crowd about
With the last clasping of the hands of friends ;
And so they sail in sadness.

Calavia.

Till the waves

Laugh with the breeze, and toss their fears away.

Fulvia. For them fair omens on fair wishes wait ;
The mast is hung with flowers, but I go forth
Alone, forbidden, under ban. For me
No welcome home, no songs nor myrtles strewn
Along the Sacred Way. My mirth is past,
Gone my companions by the Tiber shore.

Calavia. Is not Campania fairer? Gleams the
mount
Of Alba like our Vesulus clad with wines ?
Or the Volsinian mere like Capri's grot,
Paved with the sapphire sea, along whose sands
Music and dances mingle, till the sound
Seems to take form, and form makes melody ?
But wait, till on the Capitol they crown——

Fulvia. The recreant Fulvia, who forsook her race !
I fear, hate, love Rome in the self-same day.

Calavia. Chameleon creature, ere yon shade has
crept
Another inch upon the hill, repent !

[*A clarion sounds.*

Fulvia. Who says that I repent ? I did but count
Slight losses ; when I hear the trumpet blow,
The signal of his faith that pledges mine,

How gain outweighs them ! Let the envoy bear
This word to Fulvius' ear, that Fulvia stands
By her free choice for Carthage.

[Exit Calavia.]

Farewell Rome !

My childhood's wonder and my girlhood's pride ;
Harsh foster-mother of my later years.
I hear the sails unfurling in the ship,
That bears me, answering to a mightier call,
Leaving the sunny lands, the trees and streams,
Leaving old haunts and havens, leaving thee.

Re-enter Calavia, leading in Marcia.

Calavia. By Hannibal's good will, she passed the
camp.

[Exit Calavia.]

Fulvia. My sister ! *[is rushing forward when Marcia
holds back.]*

So ! thou art grown strange, my touch,
It seems, would blight thee ; wherefore art thou here ?

Marcia. To approach my sister with a last appeal.

Fulvia. Take courage Marcia ! Thou wert ever apt
At brave moralities, and mad'st me blush

Time after time, for trifling girlish pranks.
Dost thou remember when the Flamen tripped
Over his dingy robes, I laughed, thou chid'st ;
Or when I urged Æneas was to blame
Deserting Dido ?

Marcia. Thou wert ever light
Scornful of ceremonies, and intent
On twisting legends wry ; till 'twas decreed
Thou shouldst keep double fasts, and read no tales
But Lucrece' and Virginia's.

Fulvia. Cheerful themes
For maids to feed on ! Tell me, is it known
Did e'er Virginius ask Virginia's leave
For that fine stabbing ? How I loathed the man
You made a hero ! till in nightmare came
The murderer to my couch. I shrieked and woke,
And met my father's everlasting frown.
The dream was ominous. That day, the State,
Because her brain was larger, and her blood
Ran in a richer course than those poor slips
Of stunted stateliness she herded with,
Buried a Vestal in the horrid earth.
That day I cursed the sexless law of priests.

Marcia. Some draught of Punic poison taints thy
veins.

By all the glories of our house, by all
The greatness of our City, by the fanes
Of our ancestral gods, haste hence with me !

Fulvia. Am I invited to return to take
My place as eldest daughter of our house,
To share the glories that thou tell'st me of,
And offer wreaths upon my mother's tomb ?

Marcia. Return'st thou contrite home, the time
may be
When thou may'st share those rites : the ædiles
claim

No public recognizal of thy guilt.
So liv'st thou in the shade, till brighter days
And Otalicius' love redeem the lapse.

Fulvia. How fares it now in Roman families ?

Marcia. Disorder grows upon adversity ;
Men's minds run riot after phantasies ;
False prophets prowl about the streets ; the rich
Prey on the poor ; the poor upbraid the rich,
With ills we all must suffer. Three whole nights
There burnt a treasonable fire ; while crimes

That fear engendered mocked us. 'Tis an hour
When Rome requires her children.

Fulvia. So thou com'st
To me, in sorrows half disowned, a weed
In sunshine thrown aside.

Marcia. Have some regard,—
If none for filial piety,—for faith,
For dues of honour, for good name and fame.

Fulvia. What say'st thou to Aspasia's fame, or hers
Who set tall Troy ablaze? Is Sappho's verse
Less fervid that the fever in her veins
Burnt till the Ægean quenched it? What of all
The star-sphered loves of Jove? Their names are wide
And like to last with yours who come and go,
Blameless as shadows, and as faint of hue!
Whoe'er, by choice or mastery, is linked
With mighty deeds or men outbraves your date.
Your "dues of honour"—chains of custom woven,
By jealousy of joy, to bind and break
The springs of nature—shall not fetter me.
Because I will not grovel at the feet
Of goddess guardians of an icy rule,
The creatures of their suppliants, raised on thrones

And fed with incense of their own esteem,
But claim my equal rights, you pass me by ;
Whose honour is my passions' freer faith,
Nor paltry Otalicius' vassalage.
While prouder than all Roman wives I stand
The mistress ⁴¹ of the monarch of the world.

Marcia. Then hear my father, graceless, shameless
girl !

Only the dire disgrace of your revolt
Had bent him to make room for penitence,
And now he leaves his curse with after doom
To thee and thine.

Fulvia. As I toss down this flower
I throw off his allegiance,—leap a gulf
Between my ways and his. I own no more
Your hopes, your fears, the reverences constrained,
And wearisome decorums of your life ;
But, first of Roman daughters, I proclaim
His creed a lie, his laws a tyranny.
Boast in your matron pride—your innocence
Fitting for guileless girls ! My womanhood
Disdains a pretty cage to sit and sing,
Weaving embroidered fables of the past

With twice the patience of Penelope.
Let lilies hang their heads, while roses bloom.
Pale maids with passionless purity adorn
Prim Vesta's temple ; while my pulse untamed
Thrills to a hero's touch.

Enter Hannibal.

[*Throws her arms around him.*] My altar's here !
For here I love, and where I love I cling.

Hannibal. So thou hast chosen, Fulvia !

Fulvia.

O'er and o'er

And evermore the same.

[*To Marcia.*]

Hie home, and tell

I take my way, my liberty, you yours.
The eagle soars among the Apennines
Untrammelled by the censorship of owls.
Mine is the mountain air. And now ye Gods,
To whom, as he has taught me, the whole earth
Pays homage under varied semblances,
Who sway, and scan, and judge the hearts of men,
Judge between me and mine ; if I have erred
Bear witness, 'twas my destiny to forge
My fate through life and death, in one with his.

[*To Hannibal.*] Better to die than live with heaven
unseen ;
Better to fall than never to have been
Thy slave and Sibyl, votress, consort, Queen.

SCENE IX.—THE FORUM NEAR THE SENATE HOUSE
AT ROME.

Claudius Nero and Manlius.

Nero. More evil news. Postumius with his force
Is mangled by the Gauls. The Samnites join
The Bruttians and Lucanians in revolt,
And Casilinum falls. Shall we conceal
Those multiplied disasters from the tribes,
Or let them know the worst and brave it out ?

Manlius. 'Twere better so ; the frosts of winter weld
The bonds that sunshine melted. We have thanked
The headstrong Varro for his Roman heart ;
When weak Metellus cried for refuges,
And traitorous cities drifted from our side
Courting their ruin. When the soldiery
Heard we disdained communion with the foe
They cheered in mass, and with the echoes came
Pledge of his doom among Italian hills.

Fabius. In times like this, all passes as men will
Who show themselves the sinews of the State.
The first vote of the Centuries was given
For worthy Otalicius, whom I knew
Scarce man enough to steer in straits of war.
I bade them reconsider, hushed his voice,
By pointing to my axes ; whereon all
Elected first Marcellus, then myself,
Making no murmur.

Manlius. Out of bitter grain
The Gods make grow some sweet. It augurs well
That all the nobler soil of Italy
Is wholly ours ; once scattered limbs are knit,
And the heart's blood runs hot through every vein ;
That Plebs and Patres, clients, freedmen, slaves,
March in the ranks together, as if sprung
From the first Romans, countervails the loss
Of Cannæ's sacrifice on Concord's shrine.
Strike at a nation, and you make it one :
Now we are smitten into adamant.

[*Excunt all but Fulvius.*

Fulvius. So may it prove, and in the Commonweal
Let private wrongs be silent ! But this shame

Weighs hard and cries for Nemesis. Be mine
The arm to lash Campania! For your sake,
Infamous girl, I would not spare a stone
In that fell town. What potion made the blood,
Transmitted through long lines of ancestry,
Brave sires, chaste matrons, wearing stainless names,
Run backward in your veins? What sorcery,
Adding persuasion to barbaric force,
Made you surrender all the citadels
Of honour, loyalty, and maidenhood,
Thus to ally you with the scourge of Rome?
May all her Gods hurl all their lightnings down
On thee and him, with this a father's curse!

SCENE X.—CARTHAGINIAN CAMP NEAR SALAPIA, IN
APULIA.

Girls on the stage. A dance.

1st Girl. I love Maharbal best.

2nd Girl. And I Carthalo,
Most for his flouting me.

3rd Girl. And I Alorcus,
Who looks so grand and stern, and will not woo
Our willing graces.

4th Girl.

Let your Spaniard pine

For distant loves ; give me my Libyan,

My tawny hero with the flashing eyes !

He's bound for Syracuse, and pledges me,

When he has chased the Romans from her shores,

The pearl of all the islands shall be mine

Whereon to thread the mazes of the dance,

To make a carpet of, to gather flowers

Wherewith to crown me a Sicilian Queen.

Our summer palace far in Acragas ;

Our winter throne on Eryx, or the straits

Whence we may sail across the shining sea.

Malcus [*entering*]. If 'tis the bravest boast that
wins your smiles,

He's like to live in summer ! But beware.

As lightly as his sands, his fancies shift

From more than you.

4th Girl.

I do not understand.

Malcus. You do not understand much ; you are fair,
Fond, facile, and smooth-limbed,—but we were sent
Hither for more than kissing.*3rd Girl.*

You are rude.

How runs that song 'of Mutines' ?

4th Girl.

Is't this?

“ I am thine and thou art mine,
And there's naught I know above thee.
When the languid lustres shine,
In those swimming orbs of thine ;
When the subtle spirit slips,
Through the faintly parted lips ;
And the fragrance of thy breath
Seems to give the lie to death,
Then I know how well I love thee.”

3rd Girl. The rest is better.

Malcus. It could scarce be worse !

3rd Girl. Off jealous carper ! Welcome Mutines !

[*Enter Mutines, with Soldiers, slightly flushed with wine,
Alorcus and Carthalo behind.*]

Mutines. Well chirped, now cap the music !

[*Offers to kiss her.*]

4th Girl.

No, indeed.

In public too !

Mutines. In private you are naught,

If I should tell a tale.

4th Girl.

Contain your tongue !

If it must rattle, rattle out a tune.

Mutines—

Over mount, over sea,
Sword and flame conquering came,
Storming towns, giving crowns,
Lords of strife, in fierce life
All their glee ;
Till those pearls, Apulian girls,
Conquered them, fettered me.
Massic wine is divine,
As it thrills through and fills
Every vein ;
Taking fools by surprise,
Giving wit to the wise,
Bringing love in its train
Driving care to despair ;
But more rare is the snare
Of dark eyes.
Soon cold Mars leads the stars,
Many a brave finds a grave ;
While hearts beat, and above
Venus beams, let us love!

Malcus. Will no one stop this doggerel? *Mutines*,
You are a poet born, and have mischanced
Upon a wrong vocation.

Mutines. Do you mock?
I'd cut you into lute strings, were it not
They would make discord ; even your shreds would
jar.

Alorcus [*advancing*]. Come, cease these brawls,
and dancing damsels hence !

An' I mistake not, your vain merriment
Draws to a term, but still it leaves a slur.

[*The girls go out.*]

Carthalo. Gendered in Capua this mischief mounts ;
Then from the head infects the arteries
And framework of our army. Here we lounge
As on parade ; while time and discontent,
With wine and women and weak discipline,
Hew at the sinews of our enterprise.
Must we keep camp, while creeps the Fabian fox,
Within a bow-shot of the sentinels,
To buy up garrisons and steal our towns ?
How fares it with the General, so heart-sick
With the Tarentine⁴⁰ slip, that he gives o'er
His days and nights to dalliance ? Does he weigh
The loss of Arpi lightly ?

Malcus.

All is light

To him that lightly loves, so nothing break
The stream of kisses. Let our troops fall off ;
Gracchus flaunt through Lucania ; Bruttian forts

Shift sides and join the foe ; one Roman girl
Holds fast enough, clings close enough, and tames
Italy's terror.

Mutines. Pre-absolved, they say,
Of private slackness for the commonweal.

Carthalo. Let us commend their wisdom. How it
grows !

Flaminius, Fabius, Fulvia !

Mutines. When force fails
To find man's weakness, trust a woman's fraud.
This trap has caught the lion in the toils.

Malcus. Ha ! ha ! The Lydian toils of Hercules
Reserve for rougher labours scant to spare !
Omphale's distaff left the hero lax.

Alorcus. A censor gloats on censurable themes :
Malcus would starve without his proper food.
But Mutines to play the moralist !
Fickler than women,—still inconstant called
By those who make them, and who wish them light,—
Ye know not 'tis the lesser nature keeps
The full bow stretch, and never leaves reserve
Of undetermined force ; the greater takes
Unlooked-for turns, with larger ebb and flow.

'Tis ours to bear with weakness woven with strength.
Hannibal slumbers? Be it so. His dreams
May prove more potent than your watchfulness.
Who sleeps and knows he sleeps will wake.

Maharbal [*entering*]. Great news,
And a swift order. Syracuse is ours,
Hippocrates has washed her clean of Rome.
Mago has slaughtered Gracchus and his force.
I lead the cavalry to break the foe
Round Capua's walls. Tarentum's gates are pledged.
Our chief's feigned sick-fit passed he springs in health,
And leads you hunting with Philemenus.

Mutines. To horse! to horse! and so the king still
reigns!

SCENE XI.—A SQUARE NEAR THE WALLS OF CAPUA.

Jubellius Taurea, Vibius Virrius, Calavius, and Maharbal, who has broken into the city, through the Roman lines besieging it.

Taurea. A noble raid! The Romans little recked
Of Carthaginian cavalry. They ran
As prowling thieves when honest men awake.

Their valour dies at his mere name whose fear
O'ershadows Italy. Again we breathe
Fresh air and sun through lanes your lances made.

Maharbal. I come as herald of a greater blow,
Fraught with more sure deliverance.

Calavius. Nor too soon ;
For, while your general scours the Apulian plain,
There Appius crouches with the Claudian scowl
Of menace hanging on his haughty brow ;
There the grim Fulvius, with his public hate
Fanned to a white heat by a private blast,
Presses thin lips upon his wolfish teeth.
Our city darkens in the gathering gloom.
The rich fall off, while noisy demagogues
Rake in the kennels of our discontent :
So dregs and scum, twin plagues of patriots,
Pollute our air.

Virrius. The stress and strain of siege
Prove the true metal and detect the base.
But slur not Capua ; for each counterfeit,
Whose soul is in his purse, or in his mouth,
We have a hundred hearts of steel, resolved
To fire our temples, ere we yield our towers.

We are in straits ; but think ye that in Rome
They walk on roses ; where they melt their Gods
In change for stores of rotten grain that sink
In crazy vessels ? In a mortal strife
He wins who can endure to suffer most.

Maharbal. Were but Tarentum ours, the south
were free.

And Gracchus' death, on the Lucanian field,
Leaves but a motley troop to watch with him
Who bids you bear brave hearts.

Calavius. They would not fail,
Were there but promise of a swift release.
But the wan face of famine haunts our homes ;
The founts of life are dry : the white ash lies
Before the Lares' unillumed shrine.

Enter Messenger. The watch reports that an un-
wonted stir
Ruffles the hostile ranks. Tifata's crest
Gleams with the flash of armour.

Maharbal. It is he !

[*They ascend the ramparts, and a crowd gathers round
them, watching.*

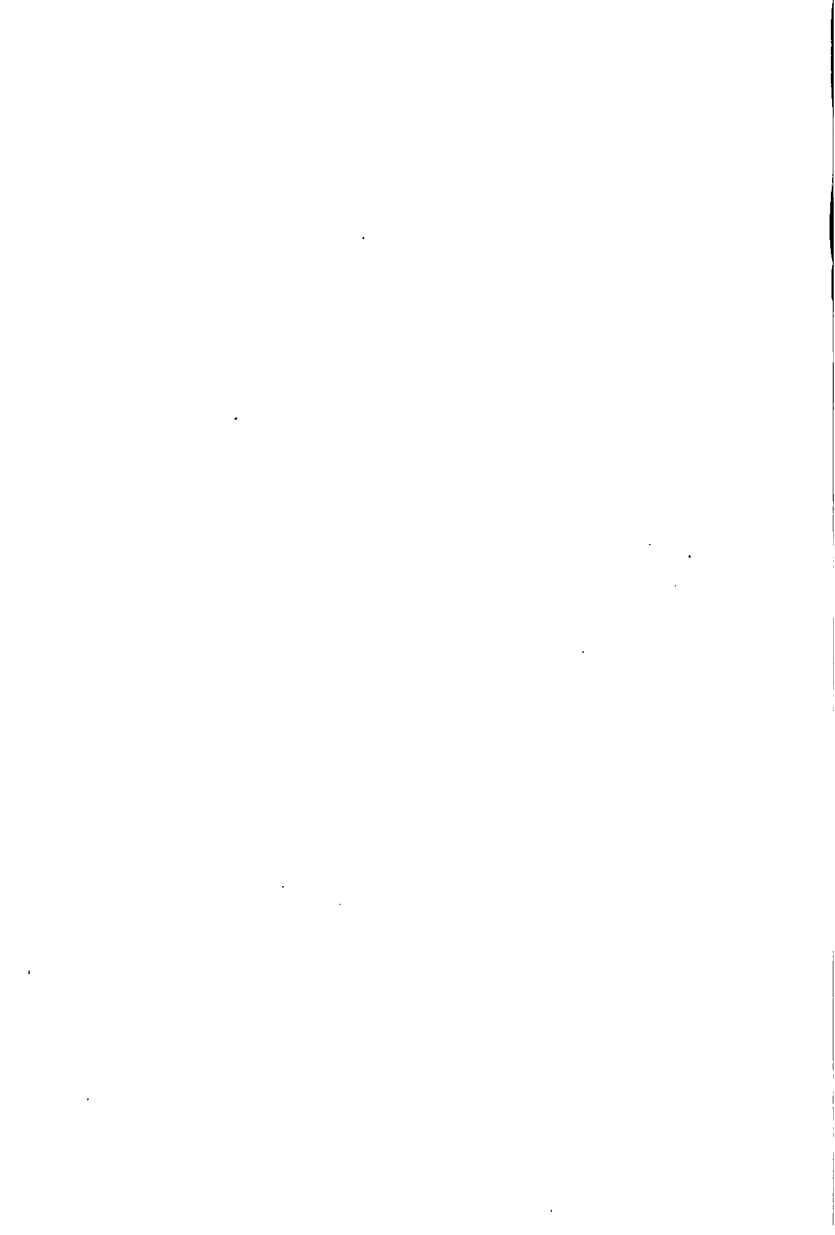
Taurea. The legions gather for the close : but, ha !
Who comes, as clad in lightning, from the hills ?
'Ware the black horse ye consulars of Rome !
I see the golden mail, the casque of bronze,
Circled with laurel and with lotus leaves,
The purple mantle tossing in the breeze,
The shield that bears the story, the right hand
That holds the fate, of Carthage. It is he !

Virrius. They clash, they flee, they scatter ! Ful-
vius hides
His fangs, and Claudius bows before a name
Of nobler ancestry. They are as chaff
Before the blasts upon the Apennine !

Calavius. Open the gates, fling wide for Hannibal.

[*Great shouting among the people. Women run to
the walls, holding their children to see Hannibal at
the ramparts. He enters the town in triumph.*

End of Act III.



ACT IV.

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Argument.

ACT IV.

Mutines and Sosilus join the Carthaginians in Sicily. They hear of the siege of Syracuse, and narrate the defeat of the Scipios and the capture of Tarentum. Hannibal, having broken through the lines before Capua, marches on Rome. His first view of the city and his last. The Capuans are pressed, by famine, to surrender. Syracuse, long defended by Archimedes, is betrayed to the Romans. The Campanian chiefs meet at a farewell banquet and poison themselves at the close.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—CARTHAGINIAN CAMP ON THE ANAPUS
NEAR SYRACUSE.

Epicyles, Mutines, and Sosilus.

Epicyles. Welcome from Italy ! Hippocrates
Has perished with Himilco, in the ranks,
Where death, enthroned on this malignant⁴² marsh,
So melts our strength, your succour is well timed.

Mutines. Have ye no aid from Philip ?

Epicyles. They have trapped
Our envoy on the seas ; but Macedon
Is a poor staff to lean on ; not a rush
Along Anapus' banks is more infirm.

Mutines. How fares the city ?

Epicyles. Archimedes' skill
Keeps Achradina scathless, and the isle :

But, on Diana's eve, Marcellus broke
Amid the darkness, o'er the Hexaplon ;
By Sosis' guile and Philodemus' greed,
Mastered Euryalus and held the heights,
Where now he lies entrenched : from whence 'tis
told

His eyes, bloodshot with Enna, rained in pride
Above our citadels. We rule the sea,
But with diminished hulls ; Bomilcar's fleet,
On which we rested, huffed by adverse winds,
Made for Tarentum.

Mutines. Where he comes too late
To turn the scale.

Epicyles. Say how you won her walls ?

Mutines. Here, Sosilus, is room for history !

Sosilus. After long dallying, came at length the news
Of how their hostages were slain, which roused
The lazy humour of the Tarentines
To rush to our alliance, under craft ;
For, while Mercatus, oversoaked with wine,
Snored through the night, Philemon, at all hours
Familiar to the gates, in hunting guise,
Returned exulting with a mighty boar ;

And claiming entrance, granted, led the way,
Through the eastern portals, to a Libyan band.
Meanwhile our Nicon laid the street of tombs
Open to Hannibal ; whose forces came
Like surges o'er the bar. Upon a blast,
Concerted signal, blown by our allies,
The squadrons met and bore the Romans down :
'Mong whom the Gauls made havoc, as they ran
Caught unawares and scattered through the night.
Their fragments sought the citadel, the rest
We held ; and on the morning, in the mart,
Beside the shrine of favouring Hercules,
With shouts as of a liberated sea,
The voices of the congregated crowd
Proclaimed Tarentum ours, as held in pledge
For re-awakened Greece. The general,
As Xerxes over Athos, dragged her ships,
Pent in the harbour, to the main ; whence now
We may control the straits.

Epicydes.

And Hannibal ?

Sosilus. Hurlled on Capua, where the hostile ranks
Were closing round her ; and his sudden spring
Struck such amaze, our chief, like Peleus' son,

Had but to shout to scare them to their tents.
Then was Campania gladdened with his stay,
Too brief; for, bursting forth in wrath, he smote
Centenius' throng and Cneius Fulvius' arms,
Before Herdonea : but returned to find
The city girt by double walls of steel ;
On which his fury dashed in vain, and left
Friendship and love encircled, like an isle
Slowly devoured by sternly rising waves.

Mutines. Firm friendship and true love ! Jubellius
weaves

The memory of his comrade round his heart :
And Fulvius' daughter, his Italian star,
Salapia's Amazon and Capua's Queen
Beckons and waits ; the pledge of his return.

Epicyles. What chance remains?

Mutines. His latest was to break
Across the hills to Rome, and force the foe
To raise the siege or risk a greater loss.

Epicyles. How many bring you here?

Mutines. Two thousand told :
But these are chosen Libyans, whom our chief
Has fired with zeal which may be strong to fend

Hamilcar's Sicily. With us has crept
Malcus, the laughing-stock, who may beguile
With everlasting cavils our brief rest.

Epicycles. What further news ?

Sosilus. The best is yet to tell.

For ere we sailed there came across the sea
Triumphant tidings. Hasdrubal, the twin
Of Hannibal in glory, has o'erwhelmed
And slain the Scipios ; Publius' stripling son
Holds but an edge of Spain. The way is free
For Castor to join Pollux o'er the Alps,
And both to roll their banded might on Rome.

Epicycles. Now Syracuse and Capua are in front.
Laconian Jove ! put heart into our lines,
Guard thy white walls with thunders night and day,
And let the Roman pale the Athenian rout !

Sosilus. The moon has left a mist among the groves ;
And melting vapours, dashed with radiance, sweep
In long wan drifts of visionary light,
Over the wavelets of the sedgy stream,
Where the breeze murmurs with the dirge of kings.

SCENE II.—A RIDGE ON THE SABINE HILLS.

Hannibal and Officers.

Guide. Behold the Latian plain, and yonder——

Hannibal. Rome !

Guide. Athwart the sunset, mark the Seven Hills,
O'er Anio, set on Tiber.

Hannibal. Rome at last !

Of marches manifold, of dreams and deeds
Of many a year the prize, the crown, the goal.
Clash shields, my soldiers, for you look on Rome !
There is a legend of a warrior race,
Who, ere the leaguers in the Argo's track
Set sail for Ilium, ere younger Tyre
Rose from the ruins of Phœnicia's prime,
Strove with our sires in Canaan : whose great king,
The wisest of the world in later days,
Sent ships to Carthage and the farther East ;
'Tis said they dwelt in bondage by the Nile,
Till a strong captain of their kindred, reared
By stealth among the Pharaohs' palaces,
Put manhood on, and, leaning on the aid

Of their mysterious God—Baal's enemy—
Led them forth safely over sea and sands
Near to the margin of a land foretold
For their possession by their oracles,
Which seeing from a height the hero died.
More favoured, I am with you to the close.
Lo here our heritage ! for now we stand
Where I had vowed to lead you, ere we met
On the first field of Spain. It was for this
We leapt the Pyrennees and swam the Rhone ;
For this we froze among the Alps, and fell
Down the Salassian⁴³ valley over flowers ;
Hither has Trebia, hither Thrasymene,
And Cannæ's carnage, many a winter's watch,
And summer's toil, strewn our triumphal way.

Silanus. What ridges westward start like rocky
isles

Out of this sea of land?

Guide. The Sacred Mount,
Crowned with the citadel of Latin Jove,
Hangs over Alba's Lake, and o'er the towers
Older than Rome, their daughter. On its slopes
Aricia smiles, and stately Tusculum,

Beneath us Gabii, and, in shrouded sheen,
Regillus, famed for Tarquin's overthrow.
Northward leans Tibur o'er her cataract—
Fortress of Sabine wars. Fidenæ there,
And farther, Veii melts into the shade.

Hannibal. I come to call from out these tombs
their dead,
And bid them breathe their fury on our arms,
At Rome we fight for Capua. Let us on
To shake the base of her reluctant wall.

Alorcus. Mark you the squadrons trooping o'er the
plain?

Hannibal. I mark them, and I know them: every
blow
On yonder rampart is a ringing bell
To summon home their legions. I have said
Words of good cheer to nerve the soldiery.
I strike, in doubt and peril, without fear.
See how the sun sinks o'er the sea that bounds,
With scarce dividing line, the marshy fields;
Fading, like life in death, into the main—
Sets, in a stormy sky, and preluding
A dawn of anger, or for us or Rome.

SCENE III.—HANNIBAL'S CAMP ON THE ALBAN
MOUNT.

Alorcus, Silanus, Maharbal.

Alorcus. I never knew him weary till to-night.

Silanus. 'Tis leaguered Capua weighs his spirit
down.

Maharbal. Aye! but, to-night, when we have
scoured the plain

Flaunting unchecked our standards of affront,
And scared the city! Had you heard their shrieks
When through the Colline gate his lance was hurled
An all unanswered challenge!

Alorcus. Still they stand.

The allies cluster to defend their walls;
While Fulvius prowls about our skirts, yet holds
The passage to Campania.

Silanus. Rome has drawn
Half Latium to her rescue. E'er the sun
Sank on the ridge, I clomb yon height and saw
The desolation of the land. The towns
Lie empty round us, and the fields burnt out
Leave scanty gleanings. While I watched the storm

Of your Numidian horse, it seemed they dashed
Like waves upon a shore which, iron-bound
Smiled at their fury. To the west I gazed
On the dark solitudes of Nemi's pool,
Diana's mirror—her's whose priesthood keep
A place between two crimes.⁴⁴ No less secure
Seemed Rome. Behold, the crescent moon is flecked
With pitch black streaks ;—and now she sails in blue.

Alorcus. So be it with our fortunes ; for this hour
Of fate is crossed with shadows. Syracuse
Is pressed by Roman arms, and Capua —

Hannibal [*entering*]. Who speaks of Capua, that
like a ghost

Haunts me in sleep and waking ? On the morn
We strike our tents, and o'er the Volscian hills
Retrace our way, to charge the leaguering lines.

[*Exeunt all but Hannibal.*]

Here fate has found our weakness, lacking strength
For siege, we break on her inveterate walls.
In vain I smote their gates and scoffed their Gods :
No violence will provoke the wolves, no slight
Draw from their den. The thunderbolt may rive
The oak ; but Rome's a forest. Tree on tree

Falls prostrate : but the immemorial wood
 Clings to the soil it shelters, and endures.
 Would Hanno and his merchandise were sunk
 In whelming gulfs of Syrtes ! If 'tis love
 To wish my memory blotted from the earth,
 Were but the end secure, the battle thine,
 I love thee Carthage, city of my sires,
 Hamilcar's ward, my other bride, my first
 And over-mastering mistress. Would the soul
 Of Rome pass into thee, her walls were mine !

[*A pause.*

Now all is still. The Night, that waves aside,
 And shames the discords of the clamorous Day,
 Sheds a false peace upon the weary land.
 Her stars, from soundless deeps, despise our storms.
 They glance, through avenues of time to come,
 On all the races of the world at rest.
 But, while the fevers of our passion burn,
 In this the childish age of vexed mankind,
 Our march is made, our music set, in strife.
 The red right hand beats back usurping wrong :
 And Justice lies o'er heights of angry war.

SCENE IV.—ARCHIMEDES' TOWER IN SYRACUSE.

Archimedes, looking at his figures.

The tangent here, the radius, and the sine.
Give me a base and I will move the world.
Have I not proved it so? The mind commands.
I hang a thread out, and the bay resounds
With the loud clash of swift retreating oars,
And cries of Archimedes. How they laughed
When first they saw my engines; they who shrink
When a mouse stirs upon my battlements!
Science, descending to the lower ground
Of dull mechanic wants, wins praise from men.
These batteries, mirrors, cranes, the sport of hours
Stolen from the nobler watches of the night,
Set them agaze; so in the natural earth
A meteor, an eclipse, a waterspout
Makes them shriek portents, and implore the Gods
With fever-stricken vows. The silent path
Of all the planets in the plains of heaven,
The ebb and flow of seas, the pulse of life
Keeping its mystic pace through centuries,
The laws of space and number Gods obey—

They pass unheeded, deaf, and blind, and dazed⁴⁵
To all the wisdom that outsoars the sense ;
Whose folly, passing patience, did of old
So flout Empedocles that he disdained
To lord it o'er them, and so braved the flames
Of Etua : while Archytas'⁴⁶ milder mood,
Having more care for miserable men,
Bent to their aid, and showed the way to cleave
The air and water, spanned their vales and
streams.

By deeper searchings, I have made them gifts
Which, after Rome and Carthage, will endure,
Triumphs of war against the ignorance
That hems us like a cloud ; upon whose skirts
I hang victorious, as I pass the lamp
Lit with the sun of science, o'er the pride
Of thrones and kingdoms—shadows in the glass—
To years unreckoned and to climes unknown.

[Looking out of the window.]

Across Ortygia's crest, Diana pales :
The breath of morn is on the eastern sea.
Light comes, light goes ; in yonder gulfs of blue

The Sun, the Moon, the Seven Wandering Stars
Roll round their centres, as in mimic lines
They circle in my sphere : and all unmoved
By clash of arms and empires, they roll on,
The ministers serene of high decrees,
That were ere Troy and Athens, that shall be
When the last wave shall wash on Syracuse.

[*A troop of soldiers enter.*

Whence comes this clamour? Have my catapults
Crashed a new fleet? Has the strong lever's arm
Made their towers totter, or in middle air
Swung up their warriors like a swarm of bees,
And launched them on the waters? Have my fires
Hurtling afar made ashes of their tents?

1st Soldier. We bring ill tidings. Arethusa's gate
In charge of Mericus, false brood of Spain,—
A lock for falser Sosis' keys of gold—
Is opened to Marcellus : So the isle
Bristles with Romans. Achradina rests,
A doubtful refuge.

Archimedes. And for this you break
Upon my solitudes of silent thought?

The lesser game is played, the greater lasts ;
If they have ta'en my toys, my work remains.

2nd Soldier. The man is mad, and we have other calls
Than wrangling with a dotard.

1st Soldier. Let us go.

Archimedes. Rome wins and Carthage loses, Greece
between

Falls to the heavier scale, then peace, then war.
Kings, peoples, dynasties, like vapours pass.
The Sun, the Moon, the Seven Wandering Stars
Still roll as in my sphere. If they shall cease
The laws remain for ever that control
The tangent here, the radius, and the sine.
More thought, more truth, more power ; so grows the
world ;

While o'er it creep the ants that spawn and die
Building their heaps and fighting for a straw.
When Sicily shall sunder, and the surge
Leap o'er the compass of her winding shores,
The circle and the cylinder shall rest
As I have found them.

Soldiers [re-entering]. Fly, the Romans come
Fierce o'er the walls and greedy.

Archimedes. Let them come,
Here is no gold to lure them, and scant blood
In these old veins to slack their thirst.

Soldiers. Away.
'Tis waste of breath to argue with a fool. [*Exeunt.*

Archimedes. Here lie the circles. How the law
begins
'To glimmer through them : as dull fires are blown
By blasts of air, so thought aye kindles truth.—
'Tis here—another link, and it is mine,
The secret shall unite me with the stars.

[*The Roman Soldiers enter and he does not observe them.*

1st Soldier. Spare the old man.

2nd Soldier. But this old man has wrought
More ill to Rome than Syracuse had dreamed.

[*Stabbing him.*

Hence vile magician !

Archimedes. Now I see it all. [*Dies.*

Marcellus [*entering*]. Wretch ! you have slain the
wisdom of the world.

SCENE V.—HOUSE OF CALAVIUS AT CAPUA.

Fulvia and Calavia. Enter Jubellius Taurea.

Taurea. We're spent. Without, within, their lines
are firm,

And Hannibal is foiled.

Fulvia. He will return.

Taurea. Too late ! He knows not in what straits
we stand.

Calavia. Thou bring'st a dark brow to our bridal
morn.

Taurea. Look o'er Jove's gate upon the iron ring
That crushes Capua. Hunger in our midst
Drives valour from its seat, starves loyalty
To treason's threshold, and prevails with pride
To crave a Roman alms. Our citizens
Mere lean and haggard remnants of themselves
Crawl through the streets, with only strength enough
To curse him they were wont to bless.

Calavia. Poor rats !

Fulvia. Disease and death consume them ! Yes-
ter-year

Taurea.

No miracle

Averting instant ruin, my sweet girl

Thy nuptials will be like Proserpina's.

Calavia. What mean'st thou ?

Taurea. Celebrate in Pluto's halls.

Calavia. Thou dost but mock me with those dreams
of ill,

And cruel jesting. Death's a thing abhorred.

Taurea. Art so afraid to die that thou wouldst
live

For Roman tenderness ?

Calavia. It grants this grace,

Rome does not war on women.

Fulvia [*contemptuously*]. Is it so !

Enter Vibius Virrius in armour.

Taurea. How stand the chiefs affected ?

Virrius. As when clouds

Are blown by diverse winds : the lower wrack ;

Drives headlong with the current, those above

Hold by their cross course in a calmer air :

The major faction, sailing with the mass,

Counsel surrender, and would catch the knees

Of the last offer. Others hold aloof—
And I am of them—resolute to fall
By a last charge or self devoted doom.

Calavia. But say, this offer?

Virrius. Mercy yet extends
To all who, suppliant ere the second watch,
Make execration of the Punic bonds.

Calavia. What means this mercy?

Fulvia. Miserable leave,
To rake the gutters for a livelihood,
And for all comely Capuan maids a niche
In the Suburra.

Virrius. There's a clause apart ;
For, if Calavia wed with Claudius' son,
Calavius keeps his state.

Taurea. Hast thou no word?

Calavia. What says my father?

Enter Calavius.

Virrius. From himself demand.

Calavius. We've done enough for glory and our
cause :

More were but massacre, and did I hold

With your too rancorous and inveterate mood,
These famine stricken men would haunt my grave.
My life were yours were it not dear for her.

Taurea. And she has heard.

Calavius. But she will give no ear
To the wild rhapsodies of desperate men,
Whose stubborn valour in extremity
Outrages reason. Say, what course is left,
What crevice or what loophole? They refuse
To rush upon the shambles.

Virrius. Ere the gates
Are opened for the foe, we've called a feast,
Where Capua's senators of loftier soul
Than lick the dust to Fulvius may carouse,
And, ere the banquet close, we'll find a way,
The one way left to make escape from Rome.

Taurea to Calavia. What think'st thou of our bridal?

We shall sing
Old battle songs of Vesulus and Tyre,
Of Pontius Telesinus', Pyrrhus' fame,
And Hannibal the avenger : then of love,
Love that takes leave of tyranny, on wings
Fleeter than charger's course or eagle's flight,

Love that, in isles Elysian, poets dream
Beyond Avernus. Be it Fulvia's care
To turn her sire to mildness. Come with me !

Calavius. Calavia, in thy hand our fortune lies,
Abjure their impious rites, their mad resolve.
Because that I am old I wish to live ;
Because that thou art young thou ought'st to live.
Save me, thyself. I bid thee: I command.

Calavia. Where shall I turn, between contrasted
prayers,
Conflicting duties? Fulvia, counsel me !

SCENE ⁴⁷ VI.—CAPUA. A BANQUET HALL IN THE
HOUSE OF VIBIUS VIRRIUS. *Guests in rich dresses
round the table. At one end an altar with a skull on
it, and images of the household gods, before which an
unlighted lamp.*

Virrius, Taurea, Senators, and other Capuans.

Virrius. Comrades in arms, and guests at this the last
Of many a banquet, where our fare has lacked,
Blame ye the siege's pressure, not my will.

1st Senator. Sardanapalus ne'er had such a feast.

2nd Senator. Never was boar's head nobler.

3rd Senator. Never quails

So finely served.

4th Senator. Lucrinus never sent

Such oysters to the Palatine. I dined

With Appius Claudius, a gentleman,

Unlike his meagre colleague, and a host

To keep on terms with ere the schism came :

But his were mussels to those majesties,

That seem to have been waiting for to-night,

With eager valves.

Virrius. Ah ! they are Capuans

Imported to my ponds in infancy,

Tenderly nursed ; their patriotic hearts

May give a certain flavour.

4th Senator. They enhance

The generous Cæcuban.

1st Senator. My favourite wine.

What vintage, pray you ?

Virrius. The Illyrian year ;

Commended by old Livius.

3rd Senator. What of him

Who takes no part in the great wars ?

Taurea.

At home

He hugs his ancient wrath : for, since the tribes

. Fined him on idle charges, he keeps house,

And rails at all in turn, but most at Rome.

2nd Senator. Success attend his railing : but those
larks

Have I forgot to praise ? dear birds, whose taste

Makes music on our tongue.

3rd Senator.

The royal dish

Is the huge mullet.

5th Senator. Nay, the mushrooms claim

The place of honour, stewed in such a sauce.

Virrius, your cook deserves a better fate

Than to make pastries for dull palates. Say

Does he embark with us ?

Virrius.

He'll never bake

For Fulvius, all my house elect with me.

5th Senator. Virrius and all his household—the
first toast

Pledge in Falernian !

Senators.

Hail to Virrius ! Hail !

Virrius. In Cæcuban—I have one better wine,

The love cup of the Greeks, their gratitude

Rendered to Plato's master, which I keep
For our last draught together—now, I drink
To Capua's name and fame : the memory
Of all our glories and their cloudy close.

Senators sing—

First of old of Oscan towns !
Prize of triumphs, pearl of crowns ;
Half a thousand years have fled,
Since arose thy royal head,⁴⁸
Splendour of the Lucumoes.

Tuscan fortress, doomed to feel
Sharpest edge of Samnite steel,
Flashing down the Liris tide ;
Re-arisen, in richer pride,
Cynosure of Italy !

Let the Gaurian echoes say
How, with Rome, we ruled the fray ;
Till the fatal field was won
By the chief who slew his son,⁴⁹
'Neath the vines of Vesulus.

Siren city, where the plain
Glitters twice with golden grain,
Twice the bowers of roses blow,
Twice the grapes and olives flow,
Thou wilt chain the conqueror ;

Home of war-subduing eyes,
Shining under softest skies,
Gleaming to the silver sea,
Liber, Venus strive for thee,
Empress of Ausonia !

Glorious in thy martial bloom,
Glorious still in storm and gloom,
We thy chiefs who dare to die,
Raise again thy battle cry,—
Charge with Capuan chivalry !

Virrius. Would all the Senate held our nobler
choice ;

For, Appius dead, they lean on brittle hope
Of Fulvian clemency.⁶¹

Taurea. I would not brook
Life at his giving, with the fainter hearts
Who, having root in naught beyond themselves,
Will for a barren breath bear fortune's blows.
What fear or fancy made the Roman girl
Slink Romeward at the last ?

Virrius. Who thinks to read
A woman's heart ? But one is pledged, we wait
Calavia's presence.

Taurea. She is here anon,
Robed as the Isis at the Egyptian feast ;

To show how Capuan girls can overweigh
Their braggart courages. Behold she comes.

[*A veiled figure enters, and sits on the seat near Taurea and Virrius.*]

Taurea. Welcome fair priestess of our dismal rites,
For better here than couch with Claudius' son.

Figure. Treason to love were worst of deaths : but ah !
'Tis hard to lose the fragrance of the air,
To look our last on roses ; nevermore
To watch the sun set over opal seas :
To follow Hermes to the hollow halls :
To rule o'er shades, in sovereignty more poor
Than common herdsman's toils.

2nd Senator. The common doom !
And, with the difference of the span that parts
To-morrow from to-day, we buy the gain
That, knowing not to save our country's shrines,
We are ourselves ; and, on the walls of time,
Record the luxuries of free farewell.

Taurea. May fairer dawns on this fair city wait.

Virrius. If Capua falls and Carthage so shall Rome.

1st Senator. We leap as one in blindness into night.

2nd Senator. I hold, with Epicurus, Death the close.

3rd Senator. I hold, with Plato, Death the crown of
life ;

As the last Act's the greatest of the Play.

Virrius. I hold with neither that we nothing know :
Whether it be a sleep that laps the soul,
Or a stream flowing to a shrouded shore :
Whether, mere atoms of the race, we lapse
Like waves uplifted from the single sea ;
Or whether lordly mind and feeble frame,
Blown like the dust together in the blast,
Find, in the after calm, their several meeds.
But, in this last defiance of the world,
We each die certain of the prize of death ;
Leaving a fear to foe, a lamp to friend,
The memory of our spirits unsubdued.

4th Senator. Set we those varied fancies into
song,
So chaunt our requiem ere the clarion calls.

Figure. I lead you with the march to Acheron.

Senators sing with the veiled Figure—

Life is glad life when led by laughing hours,
With joys of love or spoils of battle gilt;
When darkness steals the day and shuts the flowers,
Our arms are shattered and the wine is spilt,
We rise as grateful guests from banquet gay,
Resign the wreath, and toss the glass away.

Death is dark death when slurred with terrors vain :
Whether blest isles or fields Elysian wait,
Or all is silent o'er the circling main,
We know not ever; but we conquer Fate,
Assail the mansions of the Gods, and claim
The crown of valour, in a deathless name.

'Tis well to live for glory, home, and land;
And, when these fail us, it is well to die.
The latest freedom never fails our hand,
From scornful Earth, on wings of scorn, to fly ;
When Life grows heavy, Death remains, the door
To dreamless rest beside the Stygian shore.

The portals open to our meteor way:
A red dawn breaks the shadows of the hour.
We leave the bitter cup of alien sway,
To hinds that crouch beneath the heels of power.
Ours the triumphal path, the hero's right;
And Death hangs o'er us like a starry night!

Virrius. That voice !

Figure [aside]. Be still ! for he I loved loved him :
I would not have him curse inconstancy.

We were one height, one figure. I, for her,
[*Aloud*] Now pledge to Hannibal, our Chief, our
King,
And our Avenger. Taurea, from this bowl
I proffer drain the pledge.

*Taurea [drains a bowl into which she has slipped a
subtle poison, and, after the shouting of the
Senators, says,* The Greekish wine
Has slipt into my veins, before the hour.
The room swims round : vapours and faces mix.
'Tis a broad daylight. On them with the lance,
To horse—charge Capua, through the lines !—now
home—

He comes, and from Tifata makes us free !
'Tis night. Stars glimmer through the dark. 'Tis
Death !

Kiss me, Calavia ! Through the veil ? Ah, no,
These mists are shroud enough. Farewell—we
meet

Perchance, beyond. [*He dies.*

Virrius. As on the field he leads.
Now to the infernal gods I dedicate
This goblet of the wine of Amaranth.

[*The senators drink, and the lamp is lighted at the altar, sending forth a spectral blue flame.*

Figure. Ha! 'tis his dream. On our last Capuan eve,

He shouted "Rome! I storm the Capitol,
And hurl their Jove from the Tarpeian height."
Then, starting, woke, with beads upon his brow,
And crying "A funeral feast and lurid forms
Of knights and senators, and Death the king."

[*She lifts her veil.*

Senators. Ah! Fulvia!

Fulvia. Did ye think a Roman born
Would deign to be a slave when freedom's here?

[*She drains a goblet.*

Virrius. Now is the final hour when Rome is
mocked.

[*The clashing of armour is heard, and as Virrius kindles a funeral pyre, the Roman soldiery with Fulvius at their head rush in.*

Fulvius. I swore that I would wrench thee from his
grasp
And tear thee back.

Fulvia. Then wer't thou most forsworn !
I have escaped thee. I am saved and free
From all thy bonds forever. I hurl back
Thy idle curse ; and on the ledge of life
Trumpet my Love. Not thine, a stronger hand
Than Rome and all her legions severs us.

[*Running to the altar.*

Stand off, for with inviolable shield
It fends me from my father. Hannibal !
Forgive, remember me !

[*She dies.*

ACT V.

Argument.

ACT V.

Marcellus triumphs at Alba and ovates at Rome. Marcus Livius, having been fined on a false charge by the Romans, mocks the procession. Mutines insulted by Hanno, opens the gates of Agrigentum to Lævinus. Marcellus is defeated and slain by Hannibal. Hasdrubal crosses the Alps. Livius is induced to accept the consulship. Nero marches to the Metaurus, and there defeats Hasdrubal, who is slain on the field. The Romans rejoice. The news is sent to Hannibal by Nero, after the manner of his race (B.C. 207).

ACT V.

SCENE I.—THE VIA SACRA AT ROME.

Ennius and Citizens.

1st Citizen. Here is the place to stand to see him
pass,

With the most mighty trophies of the world.

2nd Citizen. Room ! room ! Half Sicily comes
here to-day.

And all who pay their tax, may feast their eyes.

There's scarce a poppet, or a maid in Rome

But clambers on the housetops.

3rd Citizen. Yet the State,—

The war still raging under Mutines,

That demon horseman sent from Hannibal,—

Has mulct Marcellus' honours. He ovates⁵²

In Rome, he had his triumph on the hills.

Ennius. Methought the years rolled backward
since he came,
Flushed from Viridomarus,⁶³ with the spoil,
By Romulus and Cossus deemed the best,
To iron Jove. The battle in his eye
Flashed as, with clang of shields, the shout went up
That surged about the slumbering Lake, and rang
Around the far white columns of the God,—
“Hail to the conqueror of Hannibal.”

3rd Citizen. It is ill omen to forestal the Fates.
Howbeit he gives good promise. Nola first
He tore from Hannibal; his sharpest edge
Marks Leontini's ruin; his the praise
The greatest city of the Greeks is ours.

1st Citizen. Aye, aye; Marcellus is our man of
men!

Ennius. But who comes hither? Wary Fabius,
With brave old Manlius, wearing near his heart
The necklace of the Gaul,⁶⁴ and Rome's good wolf,
Stern Fulvius, scowling still on Capua's wreck.

Enter Fulvius, Fabius, and Manlius.

Fulvius. This petulance at Alba was to blame:

But, that his crushing blow has saved the isle,
We must endure his humours.

Fabius.

Fires of youth

That burn unwontedly through sobering age ;
May caution temper them ! No sudden spring
Can foil our adversary.

Manlius.

He brings to Rome

Her Syracuse, and earns the consulate.

Fabius. Ay, and Lævinus;⁵⁶ whose heroic call
Has charmed the people. All the ways are thronged
With slaves of burghers, knights and senators,
Pouring their treasures in the common store :
The women melt their bracelets, and the boys
Run with their golden bulls.⁵⁶

Ennius.

A nation's heart

Is like an instrument with silent strings,
Until some master sweeps them into sound.
But noble deeds, or words that set their tune,
Grow fruits as suns in summer grow the grain.

Enter M. Livius.

Fabius. Hail, Marcus Livius ! we rejoice the day
Hath so much gladness as to wean you forth.

Livius. If 'tis not too much favour let me pass.

Manlius. Witness a triumph that will fetch your
thought

Back to Rome's last, your own, good Livius !

Livius. 'Tis well remembered now ; 'twas soon
forgot.

Marcellus lords it bravely. Have ye fixed
The day for his arraignment ? In what terms—
So many statues stolen, so many sheep ;
Under what heads, what proofs, what arguments,
Decked to delude our subtle citizens ?

Fulvius. This is no hour for railing.

Livius. Who shall let
If I but choose to rail ? The air is free,
Nor am I finable for using it.
Save ears, by closing lips, and let me go.

Fulvius. Your eyes cast gloom on gladness.

Livius. Use your own ;
Look on your hands ! There's blood enough, that
flowed

Rich through Campanian, aye ! through Roman veins.

Manlius. What fault with me ?

Livius. Some fault the people found :

We should else hail you Pontiff, priest of Rome's
Arch jugglery. Your grandsire's necklace grows
Like yourself rusty. 'Twere a fresher gaud
To take the rings the Carthaginian wears,
And give them to your daughters. They're not
slain,
Nor turned Phoenician.

Fulvius. This exceeds a jest ;

A venom seize his tongue !

Manlius. Nay, let his hate

But fasten on our foes, with fang as fierce !

Fulvius. He neither seeks, nor takes, nor makes
amends,

And unforgiven cannot be forgiven.

*[Clamour of citizens. Procession. Girls strewing
flowers : then the Army.]*

Ennius. See how the captives stretch beyond the
gate ;

While their strange dresses mingle, like the scarfs
The clouds throw round the morning.

1st Citizen. Tell us all,

Our worthy Ennius, as they come.

Ennius.

Behold,

The pitch-black Abyssinians, with crisp hair
And gaping nostrils : there the Libyans tanned
O'er Afric sands : there nomad herds, of hue
More varied ; there the Greeks, with helms their
sires

Wore when all Athens broke on Syracuse :
Horses from Acragas, embroidery
Spun far in eastern looms ; the panoplies,
Chariots, trappings, golden cups and thrones
The Dionysii heaped for Hiero :
There the artillery Archimedes made
In vain to baffle Rome : would he survived
To gild our glory ! On that canvass glows
The City's self : Ortygia fronts the bay ;
Yonder Plemmyrium, strewed with ancient wrecks,
There Tyche's crags, and there Epipolæ
Frowns upon Megara, where Hyblæan bees
Gathered their honey for Theocritus.

Crowd. Marcellus, see Marcellus, shout for Rome !

Livius. I did not think to linger for a show.

Being here, it is a jest to mark this man,
With thews and sinews in that hale old age

That comes of little fret in little brain,
Making himself an equal to the Gods.
He stamps as if the earth were all too poor
To bear the burden of his majesty.

1st Citizen. Who walks behind him with a coronet ?

Ennius. I know him not, he hath a thievish look.

Livius. Sosis ! ⁶⁷ the traitor, prince of miscreants—
His pockets crammed, his foul hands reeking blood,—
Assassin, guest, friend, client, pet of Rome !
This carrion sickens me : would his career,
Begun by murder, were by murder closed !
I must away ; yet take one warning word,
You send your thunderbolt Marcellus forth,
An infant in the hands of Hannibal.

SCENE II.—AGRIGENTUM. CARTHAGINIAN HEAD-
QUARTERS.

Hanno, Epicydes, Malcus.

Hanno. It passes patience, we who serve the State
Should bow to other than the State's decrees.
I came not here to serve the Barcidæ,
Or truckle to their minions. While I stand,

Strong in the seal of Carthage and my right,
Hannibal tosses here this Mutines ;
Who vaults into my saddle, and detracts
Half my allegiance, plucks my honours down,
Affronts me to my soldiers.

Malcus. Hugs your checks,
As foils to his good fortune ; boasts his name
Has brought Lævinus post-haste here to find
Sicily resubdued and Acragas,
The paste-board Hanno shoved aside, his own.

Epicyles. Yet 'twere ill statesmanship to risk his
loss.

Beware lest factions make a rent : so poised,
Let discord blunt your edge, Rome wins the day.
I yield my sovereignty to him, whose fire
Burnt out the stain of Himera ; who broke,
With conquering clamour, on the consuls' camp.
Mutines is a hand of Hannibal ;
And whoso bites at that but bids for doom.

Malcus. Where will this end ? It points to tyranny.
You grant too much. The Libyan arrogance
Grows with allowance, and disdains respect.
Heard ye but how he flouts us ! holding forth,

That only they who marched with Hannibal
Are fit to face the Romans. I have known
Him slip, between his cups, he'd serve the foe
Sooner than lackey to our oligarchs :
And, hinting at your greatness with a grin,
Say " his obesity were well at home."

Hanno. The half-caste African ! I'll pare his pride.

Malcus [*aside*]. Now to make fast the springe,
must Hanno break

More bluntly with this braggart, whom I loathe
For taunts to me and faith to them. An hour
Undoes Hamilcar's work. Then, Mutines
Unhorsed, to further ruin I shall urge,
And win my purchase, gilding my revenge. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mutines.

Mutines. I came not to serve Hanno ; nor endure
Their slights and scoffs whose sires made slaves of
mine,
Who bar my worth from counsels of their State,
And haunt me here with their incompetence.
Shall I be blinded, played on, made the tool
Of men who hate my master and myself ;

Or hearken to Lævinus, and betray
The gates of Acragas, and so annul
Those heaped affronts ? I'm bound to Hannibal ;
But Carthage plays him false : and, if I rend
The isle afresh from Rome to swell the stores
Of Punic usurers, who sit at home
To plot and mar our deeds, and when they're done
Gape for the fruit to fall into their maw,
What profits it ?

[Messenger enters with a dispatch which Mutines reads.]

So ! Herewith Hanno sends
A blunt dismissal ; strips me of command
And offices and honours ; fair return
For saving him who shames me ! Here I came
To play no menial part ; nor bear the gibes
Of wanton Fortune. Ye have turned the scale ;
And reckoned ill who reckon without me.
I shall let Rome on Carthage.

SCENE III.—HANNIBAL'S CAMP NEAR LOCRI.

Hannibal, Maharbal, and other officers.

Hannibal [*standing before the corpse of Marcellus.*

This was Marcellus !

Maharbal.

Low at length he lies,

The city-sacker and the stay of Rome,

He who in single combat slew the Gaul.

Acron, thou art avenged ; and Nola's guard

And Leontini's, Enna's massacres,⁶⁸

That give Sicilian grapes a deeper dye.

And is this carrion carcass all the man

Held Jove his equal, and in potency

Wept o'er the wrack of Syracuse ?

Alorcus.

Whose pride,

Keeping a boy's heart 'neath a load of years,

O'erlept his proper prey. So boastful, bold !

Nor rash Flaminius', sad Æmilius' ghost,

Centenius, Fulvius,⁶⁹ nor the Scipios slain

Could send one warning voice, from out their
tombs,—

'Ware Roman of Hamilcar's sons, or die !

Gisco. But for a blinding arrogance, defeat,
His force thrice scattered on the field, had warned
Him crouch within Venusia.

Hannibal. He has passed !
Flout not his glory, which had generous gleams,
For the excess that made him rush on me,
The doom of consuls. Ere you bear it hence,
From the poor remnant of his greatness here,
I pluck this seal,⁶⁰ for memory.

[*Taking off the ring of Marcellus.*

So ! Farewell,
Doughty Marcellus. Let his pyre be reared,
With honours from all brave to brave men due,
Then bear the ashes to his son ;—he lives ?

Maharbal. Yes. While Crispinus draws but for a span
A few weak hours out.

Hannibal. Romans, you have cause
To name my name the first among your fears.

Alorcus. How Hannibal pays homage to the dust
Of the same race his burning hate consumes !

Silanus. It is his wont to say he wages war
But with the bulk of Rome, and gives to all

The dues of courtesy ; on one wolfish head
He sets a price. The butcher Fulvius⁶¹ 'wares
To come within the arm of Hannibal.

Enter Messenger. Their camp breaks up, their ships
are in full sail.

They raise the siege.

Hannibal. Then Bruttium bides with us,
And shall till youths are men.

Silanus. He strikes like fire
On every side, and every blow cleaves home,
Riving and rending : still a cloud obscures
His wonted brightness.

Alorcus. 'Tis Tarentum's⁶¹ fall,
Our greatest loss since Capua, weighs him down.
Or the red star of Scipio's baleful son
Crescent o'er Carthagera.

Gisco. Here's the sore
That gnaws more keenly.

[*Malcus comes in with Mutines⁶² led in chains.*

Hannibal. Art thou Mutines ?
Who stormed Saguntum, passed the Pyrennees,
And swam the Rhone, and by our mountain fires

Listened with me for Italy ; who led
The first charge at Ticinus, and the last
At Cannæ, and at Capua, less to lose
That one such soldier ?

Gisco. Grown so like a hound,
He hangs his head, and has no word to say.
As when he took the thanks⁶² and gifts of Rome.
I never loved the Libyans.

Mutines. You, nor yours ;
And therefore have I hated all your race,
But Hannibal, before whose frown I'm dumb,
Till you give words. I die less bitterly,
That my vast wrong to him brought bale to you,
With loss of Acragas, which, while I held,
All Rome had beat in vain about her walls.
But Hanno's insults, and this scoffer's goad
Maddened a man who, ere he pays the debt
Of his corrupted blood, asks only leave
To curse his prompter.

Malcus. It is known to all
I kept no consort with this Mutines.
But, on his passing to the Roman camp,
Our relics sailed for Carthage, whence returned

My zeal has trapped the traitor, whom in sooth
I ne'er affected, lounging on his lands.⁶²

Hannibal. A noble plot well played ! But stand
aside.

What news from Rome ?

Enter Messenger. Now terror takes all hearts.

Men who outblustered Cannæ, quail at last.

Women run wildly through the streets, and cry,

Save from two Hannibals !

Hannibal. Ha ! ha ! he comes.

Speak on, and bate not breath.

Messenger. Massilian ships,

Making swift passage with a running wind,

Brought tidings of the march of Hasdrubal ;

Who, flouting Scipio's guard, and finding way

By the remoter gorges of the west,

Is knocking at the gateways of the hills.

Hannibal. The Gods fulfil the start ! and how received
The event ?

Messenger. Rome shook, yet called her levies forth.

But, at the summons of her thirty towns,

Nigh half refused obedience ; among these

Circeii, Cora, Narnia, Sutrium,

Cales, and Ardea, and Carseoli,
Suessa, and Nepete,—old allies,
And constant bulwarks of the Latin name.
Add that Arretium, tottering in her faith,
Holds Tuscany ajar.

Hannibal. Melt fast, ye snows,
And bear him with your torrents to the plain!
Now, Malcus, your reward; incessant zeal
Claims recompense o'erdue.

Malcus. Great chief, my ears
Are filled with joy! but my poor means constrain,
And if you deign to enlarge them, 'twere a gift
For good example. Might I crave from you——

Hannibal. Nay; I shall give what your desert demands,—
Not what your tongue,—a cross.

Malcus. You jest at me.

Hannibal. Malcus, you pride yourself on reading
men,
But you have been to me an open book.
Since first you came to Spain, to scoff and spy,
I have set watch on you; and proofs are mine
That Roman gold made you the instrument

To sow dissension 'twixt the generals.
For your returning here, 'twas private spite—
The outcome of old rancour and new lust—
And trust to find your Hanno's blindness mine :
But, in the deed, your hate has tripped on death.

Malcus. I call for justice.

Hannibal. It has come to thee,
Corroding miscreant ! Dost think to move
My purpose by your miserable cries ?
Canst whine back Sicily from Roman coils ?

Malcus. I claim my privilege,—honourable trial
Before the Council of the Pentarchies,
Alone my masters, to whom you shall pay——

Hannibal. Threats to me, slave ! who owe your
oligarchs
Nor reverence, grace, nor duty ; like this wand,
I break your privileges. Away with him !

[*Exeunt guards with Malcus.*

[*To Mutines.*] Look up, my Mutines ! Treason has one
end,

And thou hast reft an empire of the pearl
Of all her islands ; but, that thou wer't wrought

By malice, I shall grant a soldier's death.

Thou couldst not in thy heart find room for
Rome

In presence of thy chief; but distance dimmed
And passion poisoned thy old loyalty.

Take my last gift—forgiveness, and the means
To wash the taint out: quickly use the cure.

[He gives a dagger to Mutines, who stabs himself and dies.]

A piece of valiant manhood thrown away!

[To himself.] I mate them still; still Victory owns my
lance:

But one by one my captains round me fall,
Like stars descending;—staunch Carthalo's prime,
The fiery Acron, sparkling Mutines,
My Capuan meteors, Virrius, Taurea;
And she, the true heart with the warrior soul,
Tossing her life away to mock the wolves.
Loves die, and friendship withers in the night,
Till I am pitched alone against a world;
Thirsting for Hasdrubal, on whom my hope
Leans as on adamant.

Enter Numidian horseman.

Hannibal.

You bring ?

Horseman.

This brief,

From Hasdrubal, whose speed first finds a pause
Before Placentia ; where his armament,
With scarce a loss, and swollen by friendly Gauls,
Awaits your message for the march. The Alps
But little stayed him, for your traces smoothed
His path, and spring has favoured.

Hannibal.

All the Gods

Smile on my vow, Hamilcar, when *we* meet.
Ho senators of Carthage ! dream no more !
Let every crag on Byrsa blaze with light,
Carry the tidings over either sea,
From Sidon to the Cassiterides,
That Hasdrubal has passed the thought of dreams,
Clearing the ice-bound ridges with a vault
That makes their Italy a pledge for Spain.
My brother is ten armies. Leagued in one
We twain shall batter at the gates of Rome ;
Two flails, two fires, two plates of triple steel,
Grinding her ruins. 'Tis an hour that makes

Amends for Capua, and for Syracuse ;
And gives a greater glory to our name,
Than Cannæ's carnage.

Silanus. In the Grecian seas,
The sailor sees the port, through all the storm,
When both the Dioscuri shine above.

SCENE IV.—HOUSE OF MARCUS LIVIUS NEAR VEII.

Livius, Fabius, Manlius, Varro.

Livius. For what arrears of duty am I plagued ?
Have I not sat in the Senate, earned my peace ?

Varro. We crave your service, Livius, for the State.

Livius. Ye crave : good givers wont to bide at
home ;

'Tis need of asking bids them run abroad.
What want ye, in few words, that are the State ;
For I am clamour sick. Recall the day
Of hubbub in the Forum, and the close—
More armies baffled, and more consuls slain.

Varro. But Rome endures, and gives despair the lie.

Livius. Is Rome immortal ? See where Veii stood !
As old a city with as proud a name.

And are the Barcidæ less terrible
Than was Camillus? Then let Varro lead
Eight legions forward, him the Senate thanked,
Not fined for victory.

Fabius. So long bitterness
Defames you, Marcus. We are sent to him,
Whose name being with our latest triumph linked,
Is of good omen; whose experience
And fame in battle, even his foes extol.
Make us, who have been friends, expect of him
So much concession.

Livius. Smooth tongues rule the State.

Manlius. Fair weather rulers ; but we want firm
hands,
And, in our dearth of wisdom, grope about
For consuls.

Livius. Fulvius can⁶³ elect himself.
Fabius 'twould be your sixth, yet lacking one
Of the full number that your sires of old
Grasped, in succession, before Cremera.

Varro. You name our ancient props, who bid us turn
To those more fit to cope with this new coil,—
To Claudius Nero and yourself, in need.

Livius. Then let them turn their faces other-ward.

Or Rome judged justly, I'm unfit for her ;
Or judged she falsely, Rome's unfit for me.

Manlius. Livius, be guiltless of such matricide
As would outweigh the folly thousandfold
Of those who wronged you.

Livius. Nero ! he of men
The most detested, who approved the pack
Of curs that bit me.

Fabius. Ye are valiant sons,
Of the same country in a common woe.

Manlius. Ay ! when a mother errs are all forgot
Her hours of nursing and of pain for us,
Bound to be patient with rough discipline ?
Rome is our centre, household, glory, shield,
Not to be so arraigned.

Livius. Rome stands compact,
Of haughty senators, and howling mobs,
Thankless and heartless, gulping draughts of sound
From mouthing orators, and belching back
Their undigested flatteries in a roar.
I hold them proper food for Hannibal.

Varro. Whom yet by their strong arms they hold at
bay,
And spill their blood like water for that State
You so disparage.

Livius. I, a thief condemned !
Do they not shrink at last ?

Manlius. Twelve colonies
Have played the craven ; but the rest are ours,
While a stone stands on their heroic walls.
Say, Marcus, will you, with the twelve, affront
Your Lares ; or let nobler pride to-day
Assert itself against the lesser thought
Of Livius' injuries ? Yield to prayers of men ;
Or must we summon maids and matrons here,
To supplicate another Caius'⁸⁴ wrath
Be turned aside ? Beseech you take the hand
Of your co-consul.

Livius. If it pleases you
To understand our meeting that we throw
Together on one hazard ; let it pass !
I yield ; but we'd strike harder, an' we felt
Two hostile watchers.

Varro.

Marcus Livius,

Your name shall stand the greater for this hour.

Fabius. A word of caution, which my years
permit,

You are sent forth to meet Hamilcar's sons——

Livius. Frankly, I will have none of your advice,
My wary Fabius. I'm of other stuff,
Surcharged with blood less placid. When I meet
The foe, I shall give battle at a breath,
And win a triumph making pale my last,
Or dash your Rome to dust on Hasdrubal.

SCENE V.—ROMAN CAMP NEAR CANUSIUM. B.C. 207.

Centurions, then Nero, Catius, and Interpreter.

1st Centurion. 'Tis the third watch.

2nd Centurion. But we stand fast.

1st Centurion. We stand,

And listen for the army; we are ears

And eyes detached on duty.

2nd Centurion. Hopefully.

From the new consul's eye, we catch resolve

For some unwonted throw.

1st Centurion.

Yet Hannibal

Baffles our onset, and has gathered powers.

2nd Centurion. Livius and Porcius, on the Æmilian
way,

Bar Hasdrubal's advances. I have trust

In Nero's star. But hark ! A cavalcade

And prisoners with the consul.

Enter troops and Nero.

Nero.

This dispatch,—

The call he lingers for,—is sent to me

By Claudius from Tarentum ;—the foe's horse

Straying near his foragers. 'Tis Punic plain.

Let it be read by the interpreter.

Interpreter reads. “ I march on Ariminium ; on the
right

Leave Tuscany, skirt Adria, and so keep

By the Umbrian marches your victorious road.

Start on the moment ; let us there conjoin

Our force, to follow the Flaminian way,

And, through the Narnian gorges, set on Rome.

The time is brief, the bearers swift and sure ;

The rest from Spain and Carthage face to face.”

Catius. And is this all?

Nero. It is enough. Take heed
You drop no word of it abroad. There hang
Stragglers on every camp, and idle tongues
That babble deeds away. Send horse to Rome :
Let all arms block the pass, and for the rest
Await my orders.—'Tis an hour when Fate
Demands fresh counsels to preserve the State.

[Exeunt all but Nero.]

Marcellus' captain, now I serve myself ;
Not Marcus Livius though he would restrain
The Will that shall save Rome, in his despite :
He bids me hold fast here ; but I shall make
Rebellion just, and tear through all decrees.
Two ways have failed ; rash force, tame precedent.
How steer a bolder than the Fabian course ?
It leaves us hanging 'tween two rifts of cloud
Which, if they meet, will rain with fire on Rome !
Whence have our foes their triumphs ? Not by mass
Of mastering numbers, nor by strength of limb.
Romans have thews as theirs, and are as tough
To wrestle in the fight, as stout to die.

It is the lightning in Hamilcar's race
That smites and blasts us. From the sudden leap
On Gades to the last, they've taught us speed
Is war's right arm, the blow that follows thought
Like flash on flints. Ho, Catius ! Ho, attend !

Enter Catius.

See that the strongest and the bravest men,—
Seven thousand with a thousand horse,—be culled
From all our legions. Say we hope to seize
A stronghold in Lucania ; 'tis a prize
Worth dashing for, we aim at ! Let them be
Fit for all hazards, when they march with me.

[Exit Catius.]

We cannot match more Barcidæ ; or one
Be blotted out, or Rome's at end ! Be mine
To cast the die, to fall with tumbling Troy,
Or, in Achilles' hour of glory stand !

Re-enter Catius.

Catius. 'Tis done, and at the dawn—

Nero.

I wait no dawn,

Nor know I differences of morn or eve,
Till this adventure brings a brighter dawn

Or blacker darkness. Catius, I am bent
Upon a deed whose memory shall endure
With latest Rome. We sally forth to-night
Swift by the northern gate : but let the fires
Burn through the star-light in the silent tents.
Let mounted horsemen rush along our way,
And order relays, stores of provender.
Aye ! let them haste, haste, haste ; for on their spurs
Hangs life or death, defeat or victory.
Catius, this saves us. Hold you here command
Till my return from Sena, where, compact
With Livius, I shall roll on Hasdrubal,
Italy's flower, the serried ranks of Rome.

SCENE VI.—CARTHAGINIAN CAMP NEAR SENA.

Hasdrubal, Mago, Armen.

*Mago.*⁶⁵ The red flag floats above their tents, as erst
On Cannæ's morn. Our blood is up, our hands
Laid on our sword hilts, and you check our fires.
The Gauls are dangerous disconcerted so ;
Like wolves held from their feasting, they will rage.

Hasdrubal. Then let them rage and roar. I came
not here

To humour spleen, but conquer Italy.

Who shall unsheath my sword but I? Once out,
'Twill cleave them paths enough. Sound trumpets.

Ho!

Call back our men, I say, call back our men!

There is some mischief in the air. I marked

The stir of a strange bustle at the dawn;

And have sent horse to scent it. . . Ah! they
come.

What news, say whence those numbers, and the pomp
Of their unwonted confidence?

Armen [*entering*].

We rode,

By your command in silence, round the camp

And heard the signals. On the left, where lies

Porcius the Prætor's force, they were as wont:

But further to the right two trumpets blew,

Giving a double sound.

Hasdrubal.

And certain sign,

Nero has joined with Livius; how escaped

Hannibal's watch, by what ill-omened slip

Hither arrived is past conjecturing.

We are at odds ; and when night falls, we march
Back to Metaurus, and repass the ford,
Which we must guard till better winds prevail,
And aid from North or South restore the scale.

SCENE VII.—THE BANK OF THE METAURUS.

Hasdrubal and Mago.

Dawn.

Mago. The treacherous guides have led us, under
blind
Of darkness from the fords. The river runs
A tumbling torrent, under beetling crags.
Tangled with overgrowth and devious ways.
Behind, a chasm ! in front the enemy !
Who comes upon us like an angry tide.

Hasdrubal. It must be battle. Desperate men
have dared
Their doubles, and gone valiantly on
O'er shades of death to triumph. In our names
There is a spell to make the Romans fear.
Sun of Metaurus, let your rays outshine
The moon of Anitorgis ! ⁶⁶ Gods of Tyre,

Strike into men the soul that gave the palm
To Melcareth over myriads! Range the Gauls.

Mago. The half of whom are wallowing on the
bank,
Drenched through with revelling, and, like porcupines,
Snoring in armour.

Hasdrubal. Let them perish there ;
Hogs scarce worth lifting, brutal carcasses.
Arrange the rest set deep upon the wing,
Flanking the river, to meet Nero's force :
And in the centre, where the Prætor leads
Draw up the Libyan horse and elephants.
I, with my Spaniards, on the right, shall tilt
With cross-grained Livius ; since he drives me home,
He shall taste Punic steel. Sound charge, and cry
Carthage and Hannibal ! and, if this blade
Keep its old edge, the day may yet be ours.

The same scene. Noon.

Armen. All's lost : ill fated morning, day of doom !

Mago. Charge yet in front ! there Hasdrubal holds
firm,
And mows the legions.

Armen.

Yonder, Nero breaks

A tempest on our rear, and we are closed
Between two whirlwinds.

Enter Hasdrubal fighting.

Mago.

Watch o'er Hasdrubal

For he grows armies ! Save thyself for Tyre !

Hasdrubal. Give me more Roman scabbards for
my sword,

That I may make my tomb a holocaust.

Mago. That way lies death !

Hasdrubal.

Unhand me, or by Baal

This blade shall cut the fetters ! Lead our rout
Toward Gaul. I turn not back, nor was I born
To cross the Alps, and to be scoffed at Rome.
Hamilcar's son shall grace no conqueror's car,
Or live to hear the rabble hooting round
In mockery of his madcap enterprise.
But, with the clash of armour in his ears,
Plunge down to Hades with a train of ghosts.

[*Killing Romans.*] Have at you there, and you,
and you, and you !

If any Carthaginian from this day

Survive to tell it, say I fell in front
Of the great battle by the Adrian shore,
Outnumbered, fighting as became my race.

SCENE VIII.—THE SENATE HOUSE AT ROME.

*Manlius, Fabius, Fulvius, Varro, Messengers and
Lictors.*

Manlius. Whence comes that wail?

Varro. Along the street, there runs
An ugly rumour of catastrophes.

Manlius. Whate'er befall we flinch not. There's
one power

Defies the fates—the inviolable Will.

We stand here sentinels, with equal mind.

Our sires so met the Gauls, in the eclipse
Of Rome, which from her ashes rose again
Eternal in the hearts of valiant men.

Varro. But hark ! Another cry is, on the wind,
Borne to our ears. They shout for victory !
The false news came like shadows thrown from light.

Enter Messenger. Horsemen, from Narnia, tell a
tale that thrills

R.

Throughout the city. Women toss their babes
In glee, old men and children crowd the walls.
On to the Milvian bridge, as far as sight,
It is a sea that pants with eagerness
To drink the first drops of the wine of joy.

Fulvius. Are these no idle rumours like the rest?

Messenger. It comes with vouchers from the camp,
whose rank

Attests their credit; pressing through the mass,
Like homeward ships that labour in a storm.
The people hustle to the Senate house.

Fabius. Ho, lictors beat them back! Nor foul nor fair
Must break our order.

Lictor. Clear the path, give way,
The message for the Senate!

[*Enter Veturius and Metellus.*

Manlius. First in brief

The tenour of your news is?

Metellus. Rome is saved.

Our foes are shattered, and their leader slain.

Fabius. The Gods be praised that I have lived to see,
This peril passed, my country's future sure.

Manlius. Announce it through the Forum ! Now
fill up

Your sketch with as bright colours.

Veturius.

Nero's march,

Borne through as thought of daringly, surpassed
All precedent. His path was thronged with swarms—
Old men and maids, great hearts in feeble frames—
Who knelt before him, offering corn and wine,
Or, from rude altars of the roadside turf,
Sent up appealing incense to the Gods.
Our saviours, all unwearied on their way,
Eat and drank standing, scarcely snatched from sleep
Strength for the morning, when the word was, "On."
They ran, as if beset by haunting dreams,
With ever and anon the panic cry,
"The foe is on our track,"—clamb heights, crossed
streams,

Still hurtling forward, till the seventh day
Found them at Sena. Under mask of night,
They slipt into the army, sheathed in steel :
And at the dawn gave challenge. Hasdrubal,
Aware by Punic craft of the event,
Drew to Metaurus. There he missed the ford,

And on the hither shore of its ravine
We caught him, brought to bay, and forced the
fight.

The Gauls, half sodden, held the stream, on these
Dashed Nero. On the other wing, the Moors
Grappled with Livius in a stubborn close
Till nigh on noon. Then Nero wheeling round
Broke on their rear, and so they fell like sheaves
Before stout reapers when the grain is rich.
But straggling fragments 'scaped the massacre.
We found their camp, a store of arms and gold,
With thrice a thousand captives.

Manlius.

And the chiefs?

Veturius. Scathless the consuls: but when Has-
drubal,

Who fought through all the stour as one whose teeth
Are clenched in a last struggle, saw 'twas o'er,
Blind to escape, and like a beast of prey
Set hard against a wall by circling hounds,
He wildly raging sprang upon his death.

Fulvius. So perish all the enemies of Rome !

Manlius. He died, Hamilcar's son, upon a day
The counterpoise of Cannæ.

Veturius.

Nero bids

Me tell the Conscript Fathers, he has sent
His own dispatch to Hannibal.

Fabius.

With thanks

For leave of absence !

Manlius.

Let our children laugh,

When Italy is free. Meanwhile proclaim
A Feast, with three days' offering to the Gods !
Load every shrine with tributes of glad hearts,
Crown Victory's statue with triumphal wreathes,
And scatter flowers about the Capitol ;
Hymning the praise of Jove that stays the flight.
Let all the readers of our annals say
Never was such a Roman holiday !

SCENE IX.—CARTHAGINIAN CAMP NEAR CANUSIUM.

Evening.

Silanus and Maharbal.

Silanus. The sun sets, like a shield of bronze, and
girt

By clouds that cross the portals of the sky,
On warning messages. The waiting woods,

Whisper at intervals ; and from the sea
There come presaging murmurs of a storm.

Maharbal. Yet here the wind hangs idle, but for
gusts

That hardly stir the leaves.

Hannibal [*entering*]. Has ought been seen
About their camp to note ?

Maharbal. We rode, as oft,
Close to their gates, and found the sentinels
Like nails on posts. They flout our challenges,
And lie as ships at anchor.

Hannibal. Still the call
Lingers, while we are listening. Never hours
Have slowly lengthened to such weary days ;
Or days more empty died in aching nights.
I am not Hannibal, but grown a maid,
Forlorn with love-sick fancies, while I watch,
As never mother for a homeward son,
For him who brings the best of Carthage here.

Maharbal. 'Twere well to draw out Nero to some
push,
Which, being our match in numbers, he might dare ;
And, being our foil in prowess, he might rue.

Hannibal. I like not Nero, there's a force pent up
Beneath that Roman casque, that, if dull fear
Were a name known to us, we might avoid :
But, knowing not the hollow name of fear,
We must outbrave and deaden with our might.
'Tis said a soothsayer foretold his race
Would save Rome and would burn it. Phantasies
For brains distraught ; but he is mischievous.
Oh for a summons from the Adrian shore !
See that the guards are set.

[*Exit with Silanus. Maharbal keeps
watch on into the night.*]

Enter Silanus. My eyes are weighed
With leaden drowsiness of sleep denied.
Is it the marshy fever ? How the mists
Coil, like the ghosts of snakes, about the plain.

Maharbal. Say ghosts of legions : over Cannæ
still
There is a glowworm glimmer at this hour.
Tush, these are fancies ; for the marshy qualms
A draught of full Falernian is the cure,
And that will help your slumbers.

Silanus. Are they fires
Of my disordered vision, or appears
A more than wonted glare about their tents.

Maharbal. Stray quagmire lustres, or a sudden
freak
Of Nero's watchfulness. Now darkness reigns
And they have danced away.

Silanus. From all but us
Who read his secrets as he reads the world,
Hannibal hides some half-unconscious dread.
But whence? The camps are silent as twin graves
With adverse monuments.

Hannibal [*entering*]. I've slept too long.

Maharbal. Not so.

Hannibal. How goes the watch?

Maharbal. It is the third.

Nought stirs.

Silanus. The air is heavy; let us rest.

Hannibal. I rest no more to-night. Recall the hour
By the Iberus, when I told my dream.
Again in Capua, ere the morn I bade
Farewell to Fulvia, hoping fair returns—
Returns that never dawned from that sad day—

I was beset with phantoms, and to-night
Have been so plagued and worsted I must speak
To break their spell.

Silanus. Make me interpreter,
Of healthful auguries ; if aught there bode
In such strange shadows.

Hannibal. 'Twas a wildering throng
That flitted past me, ever leading round
To the same thought of Hasdrubal. Once more
It seemed that we were boys on Byrsa's bay.
How clear it shone, the temples and the sea !
We played together wrestling—his the prize.
We ran a race together, and he won.
But slipping near the goal, he lay, nor rose.—
I, calling on Elissa as a child,
Heard chilling answer—"Thou hast passed from me,
Seek her"—when lo ! in funeral robes, and crowned
By dying stars, there came my Capuan girl,
With pallid lips that drained a bitter bowl,
Then whispered, pointing to the cup, "My gift!
Hide this last refuge in Marcellus' ring."
Then trains of buried consuls hurried by,
Amidst them Fulvius, howling like a wolf,

Bit at me as he fled. Last Nero mocked,
Loftily throned and sceptered. Then, methought,
Far seated on a crag of golden Spain,
Wearing a lily wreath, Imilce waved
Her long white arms to Africa, and cried
"Return, return:" but, deep between us flowed
A river, trenched by shelving banks, that ran
In blood-red torrents—and 'mid broken spears
Girt by dead Rome, the ghost of Hasdrubal
Shrieked "Here I fell"—and so I woke, bewitched
By some foul incantation.

Silanus.

'Tis the fog

Of this unwholesome night that has so crept
Into your veins, and mirrored half itself
In these miasmas.

Hannibal.

In how sound a sleep

The camp is shrouded. 'Tis the chilliest hour
Before the daybreak.

Silanus.

Which begins to pale

The stars about the East.

Hannibal.

Behold the twins!

But, ah what omens! See a cloud blots out
The one, and leaves the other dimmed.

Silanus.

'Twill pass,

As this night passes giving way to morn.

Hannibal. Hark, heard you not a shout ?

Maharbal.

Perchance the horse

From Hasdrubal.

Hannibal.

The first light shows a dust

Of movement on the plain. Maharbal, aid

With your keen sight ; whose are they ?

Maharbal,

Romans lead,

But mixed with Punic colours, Fates forefend

That they have caught the scouts !

Hannibal.

Stand all to arms

And sally forth. What sounds are these ?

[*Tramping of horses and shouts without.* Rome !

Rome !

[*Gisco enters with two Carthaginian captives, set free at the ramparts ; who bear with them a shroud.*

Gisco. The message of our doom these prisoners
bring,

From the Metaurus, where the banded might
Of both the consuls—Nero having slept

And by swift marching mocked us—crushed our
cause.

Captive. Defeat most dire and unsurmountable,
From which our Mago leads the wreck to Gaul ;
For, when the day grew desperate, Hasdrubal
Deaf to all flight, spurred on, and, dealing death,
Drove at the legions, who scarce stood the shock,
But closed him in by numbers till he fell.
We're bid bring Nero's greeting, who complains
That he and Livius have their triumph shorn,
By missing there the owner of the gauge,
They throw to Hannibal from Italy.

[*The shroud is opened, showing THE HEAD⁶⁷ OF*
HASDRUBAL.

Silanus. What horror !

Maharbal. Rome's return for all the grace
Wasted on carrion of their brutal dead !

Hannibal. The fate of Carthage ! It is thus he
comes,
My brother back to me. Great Hercules,
And all ye Deities of nether hell !

[*Drawing his sword.*

Maharbal. Hold ! Hold thy hand !

Hannibal. Thou err'st, mistaking me.

Over this sacred Head, and by yon Sun
That glares on infamy, I swear anew,
“ Few be my days or many, dark or fair,
In triumph or in trouble, far or near,
To live and die the enemy of Rome.”
Fools, who make hasty reckoning ! Ere I flinch
From my strong vantage, or admit the worst
In my stern wrestle with reluctant Fates,
Or count the fight of Carthage at a close,
Long your accursed race shall feel my brand,
And this derisive laughter turn to tears
Of mourning myriads. Many a frost shall melt
Over Italian fields to many a spring,
And many a summer into autumn fade,
While our unconquered and entrenchant arms,
Lie like a winter in your stubborn land.
Nor here the end. Hamilcar ! I shall stir
Storms of incessant strife o'er seas and lands,
Till wave shall dash on wave in enmity,
Rock rush on rock, hills frown on wrathful hills,
And planets fight with planets in the sky.

For, while I breathe from earth's remotest niche,
No Roman shall have rest, nor mothers cease
To hush their babes with terror of my name.
Keep a brave front, my soldiers. The slow years
Foam with long tides of unexpected change ;
While, in abodes untouched by wind or snow,
The calm procession of the Gods attend
The throne of Justice. Still, through many a field
We shall hope better morrows ; if we fail,
We fall disdaining a defeated world.
Hasdrubal ! thou hast tossed a life away
Worth twenty legions. Bear the relic hence
And place it on the altar with sad hearts :
But such as, in the breasts of valiant men,
Beat, 'neath the crown of sorrows, unsubdued

[Exeunt all but Silanus.]

Silanus. Muffle the drums, and with his requiem
blend

The dirge of Carthage, in this hour foredoomed.
Behold the cloud takes shape into a sword,
With the hilt downwards, dropping crimson flakes—
The dreadful dawning of a dismal day.

Greece and the world are Rome's: her stars prevail ;

But our complexion shifts not with the gale.

When ONE against a NATION plays his life,

He bears from hosts the glory of the strife :

Until the hero's godlike race be run

I shall be loyal to the setting sun.

THE END.

NOTES.

PROLOGUE.

1. *The Barcidae*.—Niebuhr contends that the surname of Barca (Hebrew *Barak*, lightning), given to Hamilcar, was a mere sobriquet. This is uncertain. In any case the fact of the title descending to his family and being applied to his party in the State, "the Barcine faction," seems to justify the use of the patronymic.

2. *Ebusus*.—The larger of two islands, known as the Pityusæ, off the south-east coast of Spain, which, with the Baleares, were leading emporia of Phœnician commerce. Large numbers of slaves were sent thither. With regard to the extent and sources of this human traffic, see Heeren's "Africa."

3. *Mammon*.—St. Augustine holds that "Mammon" was a Punic word. The Carthaginians, being descended from the Canaanites, may be credited with a fair knowledge of the traditions and mythology of the Jewish race.

4. *Slew our admiral*.—Hanno—one of the numerous generals of the name—who commanded at the *Ægates*, and was crucified for a defeat, due in great measure to the negligence of his countrymen.

Hamilcar held Ercte above Panormus (Palermo) and Eryx near Drepana till the war was formally closed, B.C. 141, by the peace of Libybæum. It was succeeded by a three years' conflict with the revolted mercenaries; mismanaged by the Hanno of the text, and brought to an end by the genius of Hamilcar. The Romans, tacitly allying themselves with the insurgents, took occasion to seize Sardinia. The Carthaginians, demanding restitution of the island, were met by threats of a renewal of the war, and compelled to pay, by a large fine, for the repatching of the truce. Subsequently the peace was again imperilled, in consequence of the alleged support given to a revolt against the Romans in Sardinia, and only placed on a firm basis by an embassy, of which Hanno was the leader. At this period, which I have antedated, the Play opens. In a few instances, I have been constrained, by dramatic necessity, to bring together events not exactly synchronous. In other respects I have closely followed the actual history.

5. *A man 'mong shadows.*—The leading Carthaginians of this date are known to have been familiar with Greek history; in the case of the members of Hamilcar's family, we may add, with Greek literature. In his latter years Hannibal is said to have composed a work in that language.

6. *Did Hiero help our cause?*—At the commencement of the first Punic War, Hiero, King of Syracuse, was allied with Carthage against Rome, which had treacherously undertaken the defence of the Mamertines in Messana; but, early in the war, he transferred his allegiance to the Romans, whose friend he remained till his death, B.C. 215. V. Act III. Scene 6.

7. *The Western Horn.*—V. Heeren's "Africa," for an account of the Periplus of Hanno. Pliny states that he sailed round Africa to Arabia. Cape Roxo, near Sierra Leone—the *Southern Horn*—is generally fixed as the term of his voyage. The *Western Horn* is commonly identified with Cape Verde. Between them lay the

Hesperian Bay to which adventurous Carthaginians are said to have looked as a refuge in disaster. Compare Horace, Epode xiv., and the later Dutch idea of an emigration *en masse* to Java. Hanno and his sailors are reported to have seen many portents on their way—among them a chariot of fire on the hills—and, on their return, to have hung a tablet with a record of their voyage on the walls of the temple of Saturn. Himilco was the Columbus, as Hanno the Vasco de Gama, of the days before the invention of the compass. An outline of his voyage is preserved in the "*Ora Maritima*" of Festus Avienus. He reached the British Channel; according to some accounts he navigated the North Sea and entered the Baltic.

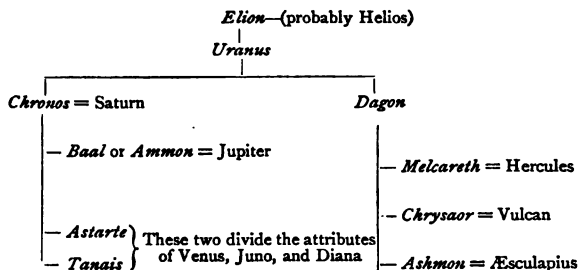
8. *Cassiterides*.—The Scilly Isles. The tin islands have been also identified with the *Cestrymnides*, a group placed by some in the Baltic. *Thule* is used, as frequently, for the limit of the known world.

9. *Mago's Son*.—Hamilcar, defeated by Gelon at Himera B.C. 480—according to Greek tradition on the day of Salamis—is said to have thrown himself into a sacrificial fire after the rout of his army. The repetition of Punic names is confusing. There are noted as eminent in Carthaginian history 16 Hamilcars, 13 Hannibals, 14 Hasdrubals, 28 Hannos, 14 Magos, 11 Himilcos.

10. *The Cothon*.—The inner harbour of Carthage, so named from an island within its waters. For matters of topography consult Davis's "*Carthage*;" an interesting though ill-written book.

11. *Deities of Carthage*.—The religion of Carthage, based on the old Phœnician worship, was mainly astronomical. It may be regarded as a link between the gloomier, if more lofty, abstractions of the East and the concrete artistic conceptions of Hellenic faith, several of which it had adopted. In Act III. Scene 7, allusion is

made to the Carthaginian theory of the genesis of the world from air and fire, which may be compared with some of the speculations of the Ionic philosophy. The following table exhibits the genealogical relation of the commonly-accepted Deities, with their equivalents :—



In this list Baal represents the *Sun*, Astarte the *Moon*, and Melcareth the *Stars*. The Tyrian Hercules, to whom the magnificent temple at Gades was dedicated, was the great God in all the Phœnician colonies. The Carthaginians had no images of their Gods, nor any distinct caste of priests, as in Egypt ; but the office was held (*V. Heeren*) by the highest dignitaries, as the sons of kings. Their generals had to offer sacrifices before battle, and their public records of greatest value were stored in their temples.

12. *Gave up his son.*—The Punic Saturn, besides slaying his father, sacrificed his son. The Carthaginian worship—that of Moloch—was noted for the offering up of children : 200 are said to have been immolated when Agathocles invaded Africa. Among the few inscriptions of this eminently religious people which can be assigned to a period before the 3rd Punic War, several refer to the sacrifice of an only son as the gift most acceptable to the Gods. *V. Davis's* "Carthage."

ACT I.

13. *The Suffetes*.—The details of the Constitution of Carthage—despite the accounts of Aristotle and Polybius—remain somewhat obscure. The popular element seems to have been represented by the people's *Assembly*, and the mode of election by open vote to the *Gerousia*; the oligarchic by the *Council of 100* (identified by Mommsen with the 104, but distinguished from it by Heeren) and the boards of *Pentarchies* which were self-elected. The members of the Council were called Senators by the Romans. The two *Kings or Suffetes* presided over the Gerousia, and had the initiative in the Senate. In conjunction with that body, they pronounced on peace or war, and exercised supreme judicial functions. They were probably life-officers, but with limited powers. The *General* was frequently elected by the army, and although the appointment had to be confirmed by the Councils, this seems, in the case of the Barcidæ, who had practically a kingdom of their own in Spain, to have been abrogated. The General, inferior in nominal rank, was really a greater man than the King. During the term of his office, he was a military Dictator, only fettered by the presence in his army of *Commissioners*, sent to watch and report on his conduct of affairs: a function, approaching to that of a spy or Jesuit Socius, which I have in the text assigned to Malcus. There is a close parallel in the Commissioners of the first French Republic.

14. *As like to turn again*.—Abelox, a Saguptine, who had turned to the side of Carthage, afterwards passed to the Romans, and, deceiving Bostar the commandant left by Hannibal, betrayed the hostages to the Scipios (V. Liv. xxii. 22). The Romans had, B.C. 226, taken Saguntum under their protection as a bulwark against the advance of the Barcidæ. The town was attacked by Hannibal, B.C. 219, on the pretext that it had injured a friendly tribe. After a siege of eight months, Alorcus, one of his captains, persuaded the inhabitants to submission. The Spanish chiefs

thereupon consumed their effects in a great fire and themselves leapt into the flames.

15. *Such a swarm.*—*V.* the account of the Carthaginian forces in Heeren and in Smith's Dictionary, Art. "Carthage."

16. *Your dream.*—This vision is historical (*V.* Livy xxi. 22). That at the close of Act IV. is partially founded on tradition. That in the last scene of Act V. is imaginary.

ACT II.

17. *Images.*—The waxen busts of their ancestors set up in the *atrium* or forehall of the houses of noble Romans.

18. *The glories of a march.*—As to the route by which the Carthaginians reached Italy, *V.* Law's "Alps of Hannibal."

19. *At Venus' point.*—A temple of Venus stood on the promontory—now Cap de Creux—at the north-eastern corner of Spain.

20. *The robbers.*—The marauding hill tribes, circumvented during the night by the Carthaginian van.

21. *Captive Gauls.*—This incident, and the speech of Hannibal which follows, are taken from the text of Livy.

22. *Watch that youth.*—The future conqueror of Zama; whose history belongs to the second period of the war, scarcely less eventful than the first which closed at the Metaurus.

23. *The Gods are angry.*—A frequent device of the aristocratic party, which had the augurs in its pay. The list of prodigies which follow is adapted from Liv. xxi. 62, and xxii. 1.

24. *Valerian triumph.*—A triumph awarded, like that to Valerius and Horatius, B.C. 446, by a decree of the people alone, without the concurrence of the Senate. Of such a nature was the

triumph of Flaminius, for his victory over the Insubrian Gauls, B.C. 223.

25. *Covered with accursed soil.*—In the year B.C. 226, the Capitol was struck by lightning, and a prophecy said that Gauls and Greeks would occupy the Forum. On which the Romans buried alive a pair of each race in the Forum Boarium.

26. *Friendly veil.*—This phrase is borrowed from Dr. Arnold; to whose narrative in the 3rd vol. of his Roman History I desire to acknowledge frequent obligations.

27. *The Gods of Tyre.*—The Carthaginians never forgot that they were Phœnicians. In the Commercial Treaty with Rome, B.C. 348, the Tyrians have a prominent place. The religious authority of the Gods whom Carthage regarded as her own, was acknowledged by annual offerings to the temple of Hercules, in the parent city. For other illustrations of the bonds—in times of peril peculiarly close—between various branches of the Phœnician race, *V.* Herod. iii. 17, and Diod. xvii. 40.

28. *The crags are toppling.*—It is stated that, on the day of Thrasymene, an earthquake, so severe as to be felt at Rome, took place near the lake; but, in the heat of the battle, it passed almost unfelt by the combatants.

29. *Wears the name Gisco.*—An incident, with the fact of Hannibal's laughter, narrated by Polybius, and therefore probably historical.

ACT III.

30. *One for every knight.*—This incident derives additional meaning from the fact that such rings were worn at Carthage as a token of a lengthened period of military service.

31. *The Punic splendour.*—*V.* Hennebert's "Hannibal" (a most

attractive fragment of biography to the completion of which we look forward) for a collection of passages bearing on the magnificence of the Punic arms generally, and those of Hannibal in particular. *V.* also Silius Italicus, B. I., II., III.

32. *Perolla*.—The first part of scene in the garden is taken almost verbatim from Livy; whom see also for an account of the refractory Decius Magius.

33. *A warrior's license*.—M. Hennebert, whose admiration for the greatest captain the world has seen cannot exceed my own, credits his hero with superhuman virtue. He says: "Cet homme n' avait pas un seul défaut, une seule faiblesse." This is improbable. We may set aside what is said of his cruelty and treachery by the Romans as a slander, proceeding somewhat inappropriately from the most cruel and treacherous of great nations; but the testimony as to a more amiable weakness is too explicit to be wholly without foundation. *e.g.*, Valerius Maximus, ix. 1., speaks of his army being corrupted at Capua "abundanti vino, unguentorum flagrantia, Veneris usu lasciviores." Pliny, iii. 16, refers to Salapia as "oppidum Hannibalis meretricis amore inclutum." Cicero De Lege Agr. asserts "Luxuries Hannibalem voluptate viciit." Lucian in the contest before Minos, Dial. Mort. 12, alludes to him as *ἐταυπαῖς σὺνων*. *V.* also Sil. Ital. xi. 402, and Livy xxiii. 45.

34. *Huge in Samnite armour*.—A colossal statue of Jupiter, cast out of armour taken in the 3rd Samnite war, placed on the Capitoline and visible from the Alban mount.

35. *The dripping gate*.—The Porta Capena (*V. Juv.* iii. 11) over which passed a branch of the Aqua Marcia.

36. *Inarime*.—The old poetical, as *Ænaria* was the old prose, name of Ischia.

37. *Consume the cravens*.—Hannibal having been repulsed from

Nola by Marcellus, two hundred of his troops, probably recent recruits sent from Africa, passed over to the Romans.

38. *Before the eyes of Jove*.—The terms of this oath are given by Polybius, who quotes from an inscription.

39. *The Cabeiri*.—Images of Phœnician deities, borne on the prows of the Carthaginian ships.

40. *The Tarentines*.—This incident is historical. Enjoying the same reputation for luxury and chivalry as Capua, Tarentum was famous for its light air, its rich soil, its wines, and sheep, and breed of horses, and especially for the shoals of murex—the fish yielding the purple dye—on the shores of its bay. Like the Carthaginians, the Tarentines endeavoured to limit the range of Roman navigation. They were prominent among the allies of Pyrrhus at Asculum. According to the common account, Arion was carried on the dolphin's back, on his way from Sicily to Corinth; but according to another he touched at Tarentum. Hannibal failed in his first attempt on Tarentum, III. Scene 10, but afterwards took the city as described in Act IV.

41. "I should be happier and prouder to be called thy mistress than to be the lawful wife of an Emperor."—*Heloisa to Abelard*.

ACT IV.

42. *This malignant Marsh*.—The low ground near the Anapus, where the Carthaginians encamped in the summer of B.C. 212, and were decimated by malaria. I have somewhat antedated the arrival of Mutines.

43. *Salassian valley*.—The vale of Aosta.

44. *A place between two murders*.—*V. Macaulay*,

"The priest who slew the slayer,
And shall himself be slain."

45. *Deaf, and blind, and dazed.*—V. a fragment of Parmenides in the same spirit—

“κωφὸι ὁμῶς τυφλοὶ τε τεθηπότες, ἄκριτα φύλα.”

46. *Archytas.*—A mechanician and philosopher of Tarentum.

47. *Scene 6.*—This scene is historical with a few variations. Livy gives another account of the death of Taurea; but, as he gives two accounts, we are not bound to accept either.

48. *Arose thy royal head.*—Capua was supposed to take its name from being the *caput*, or head city of the southern Etruscan confederacy.

49. *Chief who slew his son.*—T. Manlius Torquatus, B.C. 340, on the eve of the victory gained under Mount Vesuvius over the Latins and Campanians, ordered his son to be executed for engaging the enemy contrary to orders. This Manlius derived his surname from the *torques* taken from a Gaul, whom he slew in single combat.

50. *Liber, Venus strive for thee.*—The following are among the panegyrics lavished by the Roman writers on the plains about Capua. “Felix illa Campania certamen humanæ voluptatis.” “Omnium toto orbe terrarum pulcherrima plaga.” “Bis floribus vernat, nihil mollius cœlo, nihil uberius solo, nihil hospitalius mari.” “Liberi Cererisque certamen dicitur.”

51. *Fulvian clemency.*—Insolent, relentless, brutal, Q. Fulvius concentrated the most repulsive traits of the Roman character. His atrocities, before and after the surrender of Capua—his mutilation of the suppliants, his wholesale execution of the leading citizens, his devastation of the land—permit us, over centuries, to hate his memory.

ACT V.

52. *He ovates*.—The ovation was the lesser triumph, granted to Marcellus, inasmuch as the war in Sicily was not brought to a close. The final acquisition of the island by the Romans was due to the incredible folly of Hanno, narrated in the next scene.

53. *Viridomarus*.—The King of the Gauls, whom Marcellus killed in his first consulship. B.C. 222.

54. *Necklace of the Gaul*.—i.e., that won by his great grandfather. Manlius had, at this date, just been defeated as a candidate for the office of Pontiff.

55. *Lævinus*.—He had proposed that all members of the Senate should bring to the treasury their precious metals and plate, and set the example by offering his own. He afterwards went to Sicily and received Agrigentum from Mutines.

56. *Golden bulls*.—The golden bosses, worn by the children of noble families, and consecrated to the Lares.

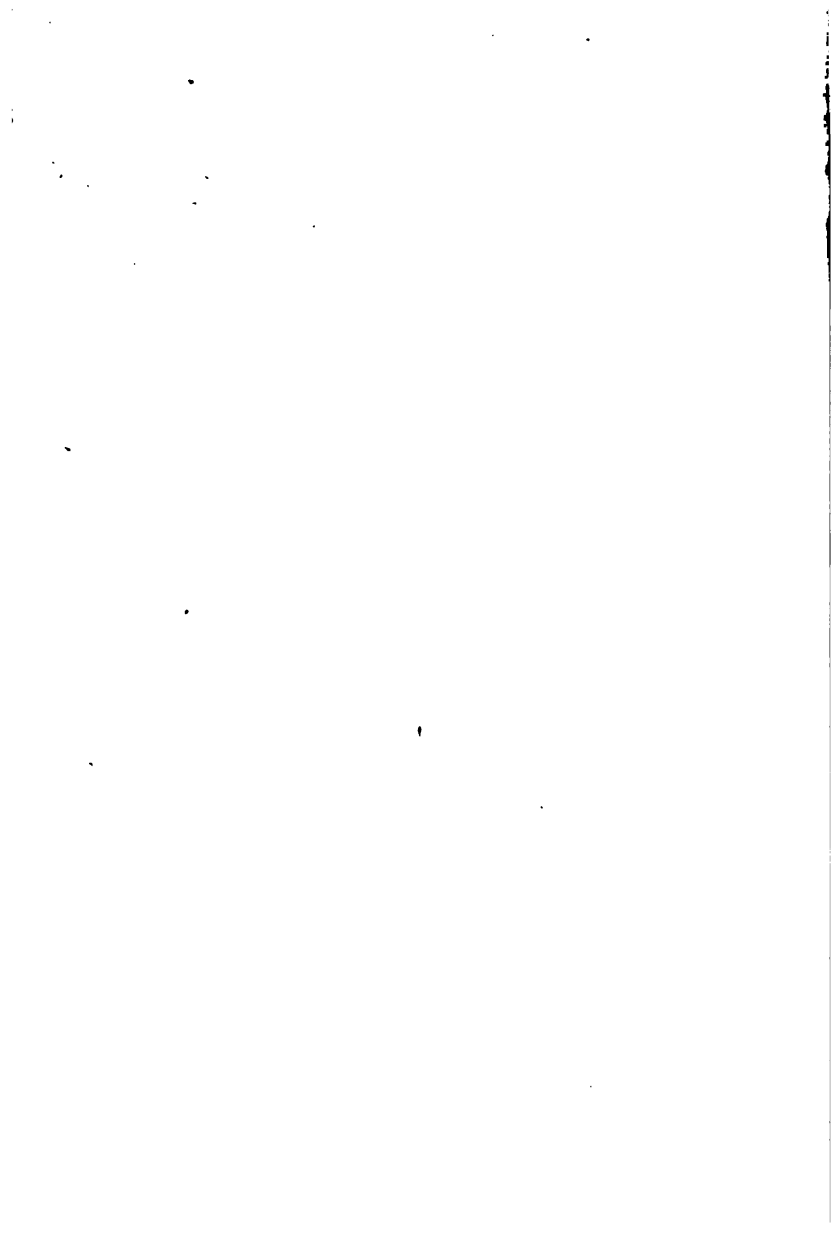
57. *Sosis*.—An infamous Syracusan, who assassinated Hieronymus at Leontini, and helped to betray Syracuse to Marcellus.

58. *Enna's massacre*.—L. Pinarius, the Roman governor of Enna, with the approval of Marcellus, broke from the citadel, massacred the males at a festival, and made slaves of the women and children, on a suspicion that they were planning to revolt to Carthage. A similar massacre was perpetrated at Leontini. The triumphs of Marcellus were mainly due to treachery. His later victories are manifest and contradictory family fictions. In boasts a Frenchman, in the audacity which lifted him to measure swords with Hannibal, he was "bullâ dignissimus."

59. *Fulvius*.—Cn. Fulvius, proconsul, B.C. 210, destroyed, with his army, by Hannibal near Herdonea.

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